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LOTH TO DEPART.

ANOTHER week of talking has passed, and it is now certain that even when this page is read its readers will not be in possession of the result of one of the most momentous divisions of the century. A great authority on reprieves has left it on record that "he had known them" come up to the very last moment, and it would seem to be the desire of the Government, or of the renegade Liberal members who follow it, or of somebody, to extend the last moment as far as possible. Of the two first nights of debate in this week, at any rate, it is certainly not too much to say that they might have been compressed into one night, and have left room for Thursday's debate to be included as well. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech was of course one of the events of the whole discussion, but no other on Tuesday deserves much notice. Mr. SEXTON's two hours of volubility might be summed up as a transference to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SALISBURY of the epithets which Irishmen used to bestow on the present PRIME MINISTER. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who once studied constitutional history, exhibited the effect which different occupations have had on his mind and memory by describing the opposition to the Bill as based on an idea that separate Irish Parliaments never have existed and never could exist. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may be glad to know that in some quarters, at any rate, opposition is, on the contrary, based exactly on the knowledge that separate Irish Parliaments in various forms have been tried, and have proved invariably mischievous. As for Monday's conversation, Mr. FOWLER and Lord JOHN MANNERS had a right to be heard, and justified their use of it; but the other speakers on both sides could have been well spared. That the rank and file should take part in such a debate would at any time have been inconvenient. But now, when members are constantly addressing their constituents on the platform, it is simply intolerable. Mr. GLADSTONE has, we are glad to see, persuaded himself that nobody now supposes underhand motives in the prolongation of the debate; which, if it be true, shows at least that the most excellent gift of charity is rife among the British people. The kaleidoscopic changes which have taken place in the estimates of the political situation might lead an impartial student of motive to a different conclusion; though certainly it is hard to see how any one of the century of members who have pledged themselves to oppose the Bill can desert his colours without an almost impossible loss of self-respect, or how Mr. GLADSTONE can alter his own attitude without forfeiting his last title to the reputation of a statesman. But modern politics are curious things, and of this division in particular no wise man will prophesy till he sees the figures.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech, upon which almost the whole interest of the week's debate centres, has been praised even by his enemies, and probably extorted respect from all but the mob of Parnellites, who gave a pleasant foretaste, by their behaviour while they are yet in a minority, of the reception which an Ulster member would meet from an Irish Parliament. But the late convertites to Home Rule have naturally omitted to point out that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech, following his platform address at Birmingham, conclusively proved the mendacity of those who claim him for Home Rule. Every word that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN uttered might have been spoken in defence of the three formulas drawn up here last week—formulas which are as fatal to

the Nationalist construction of Home Rule as they are compatible with the extension of local government in all parts of the kingdom alike. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is probably a good deal more favourable to such extension than we are; we do not conceive that he is less opposed to Parliamentary Home Rule than ourselves. And, this being the case, it is surely the height of folly, if not the height of impudence, to claim his authority as one going rather to abstention than to opposition. It is, indeed, not surprising that followers of Mr. GLADSTONE should have tried to draw this red herring of abstention across the way. Not once, but a dozen times over, was Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government saved by the adoption of the singular device of condemning a measure unhesitatingly and unsparingly in debate and then walking out before the division. If it could be tried once more, Mr. GLADSTONE no doubt would be saved again. But a proceeding which is illogical at the best of times becomes positively criminal when matters of such import as those now before the House are at stake. Every one who objects to the Government of Ireland Bill objects to it because he thinks it not merely mistaken, but dangerous to the State; and every one who thinks a Bill dangerous to the State, and, having health and opportunity, abstains from voting against it, is, in plain language, a traitor. Those who do not think it dangerous, much more those who honestly think it salutary, are, of course, fully justified in voting for it. But it is impossible in the case of such a Bill to conceive the state of mind—that is, of a mind in possession of its faculties—which can think the Government of Ireland Bill, and the sanction which a second reading would give to its general principles, matters indifferent and sufficiently dealt with by a verbal protest. It is either the highest immediate duty of a member of Parliament to vote for it, or it is his highest immediate duty to vote against it, and it is hardly possible to imagine a conjuncture in which the curse of Laodicea is more certain to fall on any politician who does neither the one nor the other.

Whatever the result, it is certain that months of hard fighting are before those who wish to prevent the kingdom from being broken up and its fragments thrown out of window. The tactics of falsification which we exposed last week (apparently with considerable effect) in the case of the *Daily News*, and which from Mr. LEATHAM's remarkable testimony appear to have been carried on even more impudently than we knew, will not be abandoned, though they may be pursued with more discretion. The ludicrous announcement that Mr. PETER RYLANDS has like a criminal or a schoolboy been summoned "to appear before" the council of his outraged Caucus must have been an invention of the enemy; yet, true or false, it is no doubt only a *reductio ad absurdum* of the proceedings which will be actually taken. Open browbeating of this kind, however, will probably even in these days fail of its effect, and the falsification trick will be easily exposed if a little trouble is taken. But undoubtedly the most important thing is that no mistake shall be made in combining resistance to the Separatist attack. The opinion of the best informed electioneers, Tory, Whig, and Radical, is that, if such mistakes are avoided, and the strongest man is run in each constituency, the mere Gladstonian party will suffer so heavy a defeat that Separation, for the time at any rate, will be scotched. But it must be remembered that Unionism has to deal with an enemy perfectly unscrupulous, prepared, as the late events have shown, to sacrifice any principle and any interest of the country to personal

designs, and able to work on three important levers—the blind GLADSTONE-worship of the lowest and foolishest of the people, the purely party instincts of those who are afraid that opposition will strengthen the Tories, and, lastly, the undoubted fact that the opposition itself is only united on the question of the Union of the Kingdom. The first advantage Mr. GLADSTONE will, no doubt, to a great extent retain; for hardly if one should come from the dead to expose his political character, would any man be converted who still believes in him after the events of the present spring. The other two should be more than counterbalanced if the imminence of the peril and the absence of any need for compromising alliance, as distinguished from independent union for self-defence, be well enforced on the mind of the nation. What has to be done is to defeat an attempt against the national welfare, which has been begun by the most shameless tergiversation of statesmen that this century has seen, and has been carried on almost wholly by the application of various kinds of force and fraud. If the Separation movement were as demonstrably beneficial as it is demonstrably disastrous, its origin and its methods would suffice to damn it in its present form. But, as it is, the men and the means are worthy of the measure, and the measure is worthy of the men and the means. All parties may acquiesce in this proposition from one side or the other; there is not much doubt in which sense history will construe it.

THE FRENCH EXPULSION BILL.

THE Bill for the expulsion of the members of the Royal and Imperial families illustrates the despotic instincts of democratic Assemblies. The same course was adopted on other grounds by the Governments of the Restoration, by the ORLEANS monarchy, and by NAPOLEON III. In all three cases the BONAPARTES and the BOURBONS were more or less active Pretenders to an existing sovereignty. It could not be expected that LOUIS XVIII. or CHARLES X. should allow their most dangerous rivals to remain in France either before or after the death of NAPOLEON. At that time the Imperial legend still fascinated the imagination of the majority of Frenchmen; and, as the poems of BÉRANGER prove, the Republicans and the Bonapartists had formed a close though informal alliance. On the fall of CHARLES X. it is nearly certain that, if the Duke of REICHSTADT had survived, he would have been invited by popular acclamation to occupy the vacant throne. Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON was then but little known; but at a later time his successive conspiracies at Strasburg and at Boulogne retrospectively justified the exclusion of himself and his friends from French territory. His election as President in 1848, and his success in restoring the Empire, proved his possession of a political influence which had never been suspected. His own judgment of the danger to be apprehended from rival pretensions was exhibited in the violent measures against the ORLEANS family which offended many of his own most faithful adherents. The confiscation of their property on the technical pretext that it had during LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign been annexed to the Crown was probably dictated rather by personal feeling than by considerations of policy. The ORLEANS conspiracy, which was supposed to have been baffled by the *Coup d'état* of 1851, seems to have been apocryphal, though it was believed by Lord PALMERSTON, who is indeed the only authority for the story. The Empire, which from first to last commanded the suffrages of the largest part of the nation, was never endangered by Royalist or Orleanist competitors; but perhaps a former exile could scarcely be expected to tolerate the residence on his dominions of the family which had maintained his expulsion. NAPOLEON III., who was not in other cases malignant or implacable, hated the ORLEANS Princes because he had wronged them in his confiscation of their property. The legitimate claimant of the kingdom never troubled the EMPEROR with any practical attempt to assert his speculative claims.

The Constituent Assembly which met at Bordeaux at the conclusion of the German war originally designed the Republic which it proclaimed to be a provisional institution which was only to endure till a restoration of some kind became practicable. No French Parliament since the great Revolution has contained so many members belonging to the upper classes, which had never shared the popular devotion to the Napoleonic dynasty. The late EMPEROR was a fugitive, and he had been thoroughly discredited by the disastrous result of his compliance with the demands of the

Paris mob in the declaration of war. His son was a child, and the best known member of his family was universally distrusted. It was certain that the Assembly would not sanction the revival of the Empire, but it contained many friends of the House of ORLEANS, and perhaps a still more numerous section of zealous Legitimists. Only the Republican minority would have opposed the claim of the Count of CHAMBORD if he had boldly appealed to the Assembly and the country; but the last of the BOURBON line was indisposed by habit and by temperament to incur political or personal risks. On a later occasion, when he might still have been called to the throne, he declined the glory and the danger on the ridiculous pretext of an insuperable attachment to the White Flag. It was then that Marshal MACMAHON, who was not unfavourable to a restoration, declared that if the Tricolour were removed from the standards of the army "the chassepots would go off of themselves."

The Princes of ORLEANS have consistently declined to assume the attitude of Pretenders. They could not after the fall of the Empire prefer any hereditary claim; and the Count of PARIS by a visit to Frohsdorf did formal homage to the chief of his House. The Count of CHAMBORD was addressed by his courtiers as HENRY V., and his adherents spoke of him as king. On his death the Count of PARIS might have assumed the Royal title without inconsistency; but he has carefully abstained from a measure which might have given offence to the Government of the Republic. Fifteen years ago a powerful party in the Assembly felt confident that, in consequence of the virtual abdication of the Count of CHAMBORD, it would be possible to restore the ORLEANS dynasty. The attempt would probably have been made if M. THIERS, then President of the Republic, had not professed himself for the first time in his life a Republican. Wiser or more disinterested politicians warned him in vain that there were not, as there still are not, any genuine Republicans except the extreme Radicals. The only practicable choice lay between a Constitutional Monarchy and the form of government which has perhaps not yet reached its ultimate development in France. The Assembly lost no time in restoring to the family the property which had been unjustly confiscated by NAPOLEON III. It is not surprising that they should have accepted as payment of debt what their adversaries have since invidiously stigmatized as a gift. It was unfortunate that the recovery of their own property should have coincided in time with the heavy cost of the war and with the payment of the German indemnity. No personal objection could reasonably be raised to the demeanour of the head of the family and of his relatives. The Count of PARIS was known as a cultivated member of society, and he had obtained some military experience by serving on the staff of one of the Federal generals during the American war. His brother, the Duke of CHARTRES, had joined the army under an assumed name during the German invasion, and he had obtained considerable distinction in his rank as colonel. Their uncle, the Duke of AUMAÛ, was an accomplished scholar, and a general officer of ability and experience. It was once supposed, perhaps erroneously, that he had a following among the officers of the army; but no fault was found with the manner in which he discharged his military duties before his compulsory retirement.

Prince NAPOLEON, becoming the head of his House on the untimely death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL, has not risen in public estimation by his political conduct. A quarrel with his son, Prince VICTOR, has divided the small residue of the Bonapartists into two rival factions, and it has not increased the general respect for the family. Affecting to hold Republican opinions, Prince NAPOLEON has always insisted on the necessity of a plebiscite instead of the Parliamentary representation of the same voters. He has occasionally uttered indiscreet protests against the Republic, and he probably owes to his political insignificance the impunity which he has hitherto enjoyed. His claim to succeed the First and Third NAPOLEONS is as hopeless as it is intrinsically unreasonable. Hereditary succession is natural, and the elevation of a great general or statesman to supreme power is intelligible; but the derivation of hereditary right from an able adventurer or usurper is an illogical anomaly. The Count of PARIS is, if Don CARLOS is set aside as an ineligible alien, the representative of the Kings of France. Prince NAPOLEON is the head of a family founded less than a hundred years ago by a soldier of extraordinary genius. If a title founded on descent is of divine right, the longer pedigree must be preferred.

The Bill which M. DE FREYCINET has tamely accepted scarcely affects to be recommended by policy or justice. In default of a more plausible pretext, the promoters of the movement complained that the Count of PARIS had held a formal reception at the house of an adherent on the occasion of the approaching marriage of his daughter. In aggravation of his offence curious observers discovered that he had invited the Foreign Ambassadors, though none of them attended the ceremony. At Lisbon the French Minister, M. BILLOT, assured the KING that the marriage would form an additional tie of friendship between Portugal and France. It is even added in some reports that M. BILLOT asked the Countess of PARIS to dance. It seems unlikely that the most rabid Republican can really have thought that these trivial occurrences involved danger or contumely to the actual Government or Constitution. The entertainment in Paris and the courtly proceedings at Lisbon furnished a pretext for appealing to the envy and ill will with which rank and station are regarded by the French rabble. The persecutors of the ORLEANS family will perhaps hereafter find that the same passions are aroused by much humbler pretensions. The Socialists and Anarchists incessantly denounce the middle classes as fiercely as if shopkeepers were in the habit of inviting ambassadors or marrying the daughters of kings. That Prince NAPOLEON and his son should be included in the same proscription is not surprising, though for once the Bonapartist chief has offered no provocation, and though the son has quarrelled with the father. Two sections of Republicans are openly bidding against one another for popularity and office. The party auction would have been comparatively simple if M. CLÉMENCEAU and M. DE FREYCINET had compared their Parliamentary strength; but the ultra-democratic aspirant to power has allies within the Cabinet, and the PRIME MINISTER was consequently unable to reckon on the loyal support of his colleagues. The result is a compromise, under which the direct heirs of the former dynasties are at once expelled from France, while the other members of their families are liable to banishment at the discretion of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR. The ignoble bargains and intrigues which preceded the final decision have no interest for foreigners, as they are not concerned to maintain the character and reputation of the Ministers or the Opposition. M. DE FREYCINET's position can scarcely have been rendered more secure by his tame complicity in an outrage proposed by his irreconcilable antagonists. The whole transaction throws a light on the dignity, the equity, and the moderation of universal suffrage.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATEST BID?

IS Mr. GLADSTONE on the look-out for a new democratic "boom"? It would almost seem so from the very remarkable terms of an answer which he made to a question of Mr. LABOUCHERE the other night, and which seems, amid the engrossing interest excited by the great topic of the hour, to have for the most part escaped public notice. Mr. LABOUCHERE's question had relation to a legislative subject on which Ministers have often been interrogated before, and there was certainly nothing in it to suggest the extraordinary "tag" which Mr. GLADSTONE added to his reply. The member for Northampton inquired whether, "in view of the fact that appeals for funds to conduct the next general election were being openly made by the rich, he would, in order to enable those candidates whose private means were small to stand, introduce a Bill to secure to the constituencies full freedom in the selection of candidates by throwing the necessary expenses upon the entire community." Mr. LABOUCHERE's question might have been more clearly as well as more briefly expressed, and the PRIME MINISTER was obliged to preface his reply by suggesting *sub periculo* the reading of "local community" for "entire community." But otherwise the inquiry was a simple one enough, and its argument, however we may estimate its value, sufficiently familiar. The rich, that argument runs, are able by their private means to ensure obtaining the candidate of their choice. It is only fair, therefore, that the poor should obtain the same facilities at the cost of the local community. This argument, as we may imagine, is of weight with Mr. GLADSTONE, who declared himself "friendly to the principle of such a Bill as that indicated in the question," and said he should be glad to vote for it "on any appropriate occasion." But then follows this singular deliverance:—"I would go one step further; for I think it very hard on the working classes, in a country which is so liberal as to make provi-

sion for a number of political pensions to salaried public officers, which pensions are often held by men of birth and station, that in the same country, when labouring men desire to return a member of their own class, they should have to pay the expenses of the election and likewise support him, at least presumably, while in the discharge of his public duty."

This is a truly astonishing "tag" to the answer to a question having reference to the payment of election expenses. In more ways than one it recalls the outburst of the ambitious "super" who, to the simple inquiry "Is the carriage at the door?" replied, "It is, my lord, and I will here add that the man who would lay his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness is, &c." That "super" went "one step further" than the question asked of him required, and really it was not a very much longer step than that taken by Mr. GLADSTONE. For who had said anything about a country "so liberal as to make provision for a number of political pensions"—whatever that may mean—"to salaried public officers, often men of birth and station"? And if Mr. LABOUCHERE, or any one else, had said anything about these pensions and their recipients, what on earth would it have had to do with the question whether the election expenses of candidates should be defrayed out of local rates? Something, indeed, it might have to do—or, at any rate, we may assign it some connexion in Mr. GLADSTONE'S mind—with the question whether labouring men should, "at least presumably, have to support their representative while in the discharge of his public duty." But to raise the question of the payment of members in reply to an inquiry about election expenses is a still greater advance upon Mr. LABOUCHERE'S modest proposal; and if words mean what they mean—a point on which Mr. GLADSTONE has often inspired us with a doubt—it was just this question of the payment of members and nothing less than this which he intended to raise in his reply. He meant his working-men supporters to understand that he is "friendly," not only to the principle of charging elections on the local rates, but of providing members—or, at any rate, labour representatives—with salaries out of the public exchequer. The country gives "political pensions to salaried public officers"—whatever, again, that may mean, since persons who receive pensions usually cease to be salaried, and with the exception of such allowances as that of which the present HOME SECRETARY for one enjoys when in Opposition, we know of no pension which can properly be described as "political." And since the country distributes these pensions among persons who are often "men of birth and station," it would be only fair that it should "support" members of Parliament, or at least representatives of labouring men, "while in the discharge of their public duty." Some of us may think that, whether the payment of members be a good or a bad thing, it has no very obvious, or indeed any discoverable, connexion with the fact that pensions are given to those who have completed a certain term of service to the State. But it would be rash to suppose that the absence of logical nexus between these two propositions will be seriously felt by those to whose ear they are addressed. Mr. GLADSTONE knows too well by this time how to approach them—or so, at least, we must presume from the uniformity of his method of procedure. It is sufficient, he evidently thinks, to point out that some desirable thing, no matter what, has fallen, no matter how, to the lot of persons who are often men of "birth and station," and he holds that thereupon a case will immediately arise for giving some other desirable thing to the working-man—a case so plain and convincing that, if any one hesitates for a moment to admit its conclusiveness, he thereby proves himself, if he is not a poor man, to be animated by the "spirit of class," and if he is a poor man to be a "dependent upon class." And since he has pointed this out—since he has put forth this wholly irrelevant, but for his own purposes, no doubt, quite sufficient, comparison between pensioned public servants and paid members—we need not be surprised if on the, now not distant, appeal to the constituencies the payment of members should form the newest plank in the PRIME MINISTER'S platform.

Nor, on the other hand, should we be the least surprised if Mr. GLADSTONE not only did not raise this question, but expressed the greatest surprise and indignation at being suspected of intending it. We can even imagine the triumphant reply which he would make, say, to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on being confronted by that energetic debater with a report of his recent answer to Mr. LABOUCHERE.

"Sir," he would say, "I am deeply obliged to the noble lord for referring me to the report—I have no doubt the substantially correct report—of the words used by me in replying to the question of my honourable friend the member for Northampton; because those words, Sir, happen to contain the clearest possible proof that the opinion ascribed to me by the noble lord—perhaps without doing me the distinguished honour of reading what I actually said—(laughter)—is not an opinion to which I have ever given an affirmative expression in this House. I said, Sir, in the answer which has been referred to, that I thought it very hard under the circumstances which I had just detailed that, when labouring men desire to return a member of their own class, they should have to pay the expenses of his election and likewise support him at least presumably while in the discharge of his public duty. To every syllable of that declaration, Sir, I adhere. (Loud cheers.) What I considered hard then, I consider hard now. The relief that I was willing to extend then to the labouring man, I would, if the opportunity offered, most gladly extend to him now. But, Sir, what *was* the hardship of which I said he might justly complain? Was it his having to support his representative while in the discharge of his public duty, as well as having to pay the election expenses of that representative? No, Sir. The plain meaning of my answer was that the necessity of paying election expenses, and not the necessity of paying their member after election, was the hardship of which working-men ought to be relieved. The noble lord laughs. Youth is the natural season of merriment. (Laughter.) When he has been fifty years in the House of Commons he may not find it equally congenial to his feelings to treat serious subjects with levity. I maintain, Sir, that my words on the most obvious and most reasonable construction of them conveyed the distinct intimation of my opinion that the labouring classes, because they already have to provide funds for the support and sustentation of their representatives during the period of their Parliamentary service ought *not* to be called upon to bear the additional burden of defraying the expenses of their election. I treated the former charge as permanent and irremovable, in order to ground thereon my argument for relieving them of another charge which in the nature of things is removable, and which, I think, without any dislocation or even material disturbance of our existing representative system, might in fact be removed. So far, therefore, from having ever advocated the payment of members of Parliament—though I wish it to be distinctly understood that I expressed and express no opinion on the policy of such a proposal, and reserve my entire freedom of action and judgment, if any honourable member should think fit in the exercise of his undoubted discretion to bring it forward—I have, on the contrary, rather assumed that the opposite principle of voluntary and gratuitous Parliamentary service would be maintained in this country." No one would be surprised at finding a statement of this kind any morning in his Parliamentary report; and with the possibility of such a discovery before us it would be premature perhaps to attach too much importance to what looks like Mr. GLADSTONE's latest bid.

GREECE.

UNLESS ACHMET EYOUB PASHA is either misreported or misinformed or a military romancer of ultra-Napoleonic audacity, the lesson which the Greeks received on the frontiers of Thessaly and Epirus a fortnight ago must have been even more severe than was suspected. The Turkish general reports (in words which form at once a confirmation of the Greek assertion, that almost all the fighting took place in Turkish territory, and a grim commentary on that unwise boast) that something like twelve hundred Greeks have been buried in Turkish soil, and the statement is made more credible by the admission that the Turkish loss in killed, though far less, was for the victorious and defending party very considerable in proportion. If these reports are true, it need hardly be said that a considerable number of wounded, both among the prisoners taken by the Turks and among those Greeks who escaped to their own territory, must be added to the bill, and it will be seen that the number of those who personally, or because of their relations and friends, have cause to curse M. DELYANNIS's reckless incapacity or his criminal manœuvring is not small. Further, if confirmed, they show conclusively what would have been the

result if Greece had been left to her own madness and the tender mercies of the Turks. The kind of country in which, for the most part, the fighting is believed to have been carried on is specially fatal to a demoralized retreating army, and there can be little doubt that even a few days of unrestrained fighting would have resulted in frightful loss to the Greeks—loss which, occurring, as it would have occurred, in conflicts provoked by themselves, even the maddest of Turcophobes could hardly have made the subject of complaint. Yet further, the severity of the actual check may be taken, not unreasonably, as having helped to convince the Greek Ministry, if not the Greek people, of the disastrous results of delaying submission.

There is no reason for supposing that the disputes about simultaneous disarmament and the attempts of the Greeks to retain possession of the obscure frontier post of Zigos (at last, it is said, abandoned) were anything more than the expedients by which the weaker and beaten party usually, and almost excusably, tries to conceal its weakness and its defeat. The same may be said of the Greek complaints that disarmament is not forced on the Porte as it is forced on themselves. It is convenient, no doubt, to affect forgetfulness that the whole imbroglio is due to Greek, not to Turkish, pretensions; that Turkey has been acting throughout in self-defence; and that it would be unreasonable to expect the SULTAN to weaken the protection of his dominions until the last Greek soldier has retired. But the complaints about the continuance of the blockade, though perhaps equally natural, are much more unreasonable. If Greece had not waited to be coerced in this undignified fashion; if she had not for months before the long-suffering Powers resorted to coercion shown an almost insolent disregard of their representations; and, lastly, if the result of this recalcitrance had not been actual and serious bloodshed, there might be something to be said for the Greek demand that the first signs of returning common sense should be met and rewarded by the raising of the blockade. Unluckily, the facts are the facts. It is not the fault of the firebrands among the Greeks that a general war is not imminent. Fighting far less serious than that which appears to have taken place about Metzovo and in front of Larissa has often before brought about such a war, and this fighting was not begun till after the resolve of the Powers had been unmistakably shown. Modern Greek is not ill at proverbs; though we do not profess to know whether it has any exact equivalent for "when the devil was sick." It would be a dangerous return towards the fatal policy of conciliation and vacillation which brought these troubles about if pressure were taken off Greece before the last vestige of the proceedings by which M. DELYANNIS tried to set Europe ablaze has been reversed and obliterated. And, little as they may deserve it, mercy to the Greeks themselves demands that such pressure shall be continued. Even the TRICOUPIS Ministry is not free from the suspicion of being willing to conciliate the war party if it can, and it may be very frankly admitted that hardly any Ministry in such a position could be entirely free from such willingness. Home-made as the present humiliation of the Greeks is, it is still a humiliation, none the less galling that it is home-made. For about fifty years the Greeks have been living on the reputation of their undoubtedly gallant struggles in the war of independence, magnified and glorified by the literary fondness with which Western Europe chose to regard those struggles. Although there has been a certain amount of guerilla and brigand fighting now and then, no serious conflict has taken place during that time, and the Greeks have recently obtained extensions of territory at the price of mere bluster. A repetition of the same game has, unluckily for them, had a very different result. They have been reminded—not, indeed, rudely, but only too tenderly—that Europe cannot always countenance the desire to remove neighbours' landmarks; and they have been reminded, very rudely indeed, that six feet of Turkish ground, and no more, is likely to be the allotment of the too valiant Evzone who sets foot on that ground with an idea of extending the Greek dominions. To a nation of any spirit (and there is no doubt that the Greeks have spirit, though it is debased and degraded by bluster and by sordid calculation) this is not pleasant, and vexation is as likely to bring about new troubles as cupidity was unless a tight hand is kept.

It is possible that the Greeks may learn some of the lessons which they have been taught; but he must be a sanguine man who hopes that other Powers will abstain from tempting them to forget those lessons at convenient opportunity. Every Eastern difficulty, as it comes up and

blows over (or does not blow over, as the case may be), illustrates the convenience for evil, the impotence for good, of the petty States that have been carved out of the Ottoman Empire. And there is unfortunately not the slightest chance of the illustrations ceasing. Perhaps, however, some slight comfort may be derived from the fact that, as far as is at present to be seen, the small States themselves have had very wholesome lessons lately. Even the Bulgarians, who have profited most, have been obliged to respect the sovereignty of the Porte, and have had a very strong hint as to the trustworthiness of great foreign allies. Serbia has been taught, and taught pretty sharply, that dogs who see other dogs with bones and attack them for that reason are by no means sure of the bone, and may very probably go away wounded as well as boneless. The result of a policy of grab and threats, without such actual violence as Serbia attempted, has been in the case of Greece complete disappointment hitherto, most serious expense, extreme national humiliation, and the loss of hundreds of lives thrown away in huggermugger, after a fashion which even the most hotheaded of patriots can hardly regard as honourable or satisfactory or anything but simply intolerable. And all the three States, unless they are singularly foolish, may trace whatever evil has happened to them, partly at least, to the habit of resting on foreign support and letting themselves be made the catspaws of foreign Powers infinitely more powerful than themselves, but not in the least inclined to use their power unless it suits them from the purely selfish point of view. As for England, her policy in regard to these matters has not been faultless, but it has been much less faulty than any other piece of foreign policy in which for many years Mr. GLADSTONE has had a hand. It has been slow, and at times undecided, but such as it is it has on the whole succeeded, and, above all, it is free from the charge—which some other Powers can hardly escape—of having pursued selfish interests and used dubious means, as well as from the other charge of abandoning English claims and risking English honour. This last peculiarity is so striking in connexion with the statesman just mentioned that it would be nearly incomprehensible but for two facts. In the first place, Mr. GLADSTONE merely took the policy in hand when it was settled almost past disturbance; and in the second, so much mischief has been found for his idle hands to do elsewhere that he has hardly had the opportunity of being mischievous here. These reserves do not apply to Lord ROSEBURY, who has carried out Lord SALISBURY's policy with much loyalty and intelligence.

LEAKING SHIPS AND BURSTING GUNS.

"IT may well be asked," says Sir SPENCER ROBINSON, at the end of his last letter to the *Times*, "are we a practical nation, or are we governed by shams, mystifications, and dodges in every department of State?" The questions are, properly speaking, as distinct as the bishop and his chaplain, for, from the purely practical point of view, shams, mystifications, and dodges are things which have a solid value. If by "practical" Sir SPENCER ROBINSON means a sensible people who expect to have scientific work done in a scientific way, his antithesis is sound. Assuredly there are at the present moment various reasons for asking whether we are to be so described, and many of them are supplied by the state of HER MAJESTY'S ships and guns. It is decidedly scientific work to make a vessel which shall be both swift and strong, or a gun which shall fire a very heavy shot by a very powerful charge of powder without bursting. Are these things done for this country? The Admiralty is still prepared to answer in the affirmative with confidence, but information received from many quarters leads to the belief that these assurances come under the head either of sham, mystification, or dodge. The 43-ton gun is the most prominent Admiralty failure at present, but some of its ships are promising to run this weapon hard. Inquiries are being held into the deficiencies of the *Calypso*, and information has been asked for as to those of the *Phaeton*. It is promised that the inquiry shall be searching; but it would be better still if it were not so limited. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, whose questions are pointed enough to show that he is thoroughly well informed on his subject, has suggested a string of queries to be put to Parliamentary representatives of the Admiralty. Every one of them is aimed at the exposure of some alleged sham, mystification, or dodge, and among them is this, "Whether any war-ship of the fast unarmoured or partially armoured classes have

"been reported, after having undertaken a voyage, to have altered in form, and, if so, whether such alteration has increased or decreased the speed and general efficiency of the vessel?" With the leaky *Calypso* at hand to illustrate the general meaning of the question, there is barely any need of the writer's commentary to explain his aim in trying to prompt some member to extort explanations from some Minister on this point. The Marquess of RIXON judiciously observed on Monday night that it "was desirable the public should clearly understand the question raised by the bursting of the gun." It is equally desirable the public should understand what is meant by a fast cruiser. According to the popular notion, it is a vessel which can be trusted to attain a high rate of speed whenever it is called upon to do so. The Admiralty notion of a fast cruiser would seem, from stories told about the *Calypso* and other ships of war, to be that it is a craft which will go very fast over the measured mile, and then, when it has been kept at work for a voyage or two, be strained, lose its shape more or less, and become probably leaky and certainly comparatively slow. Perhaps these swift vessels must needs have some weakness which renders them little fit for prolonged hard work. The *Esmeralda*, though built in a private English yard, is said to have lost something of her speed since she has been in the hands of the Chilians. In this case it is permissible to attribute the falling off, supposing it to have occurred, to bad handling; but English ships are supposed to be properly managed, and, if they fail, the fault is in the construction. Are our fast cruisers built with these vices? and, if so, are they inevitable? In view of the fact that Atlantic steamers can be built to attain a speed of eighteen knots an hour for days together and for voyage after voyage, there would seem to be no reason why men-of-war should fail under a smaller strain. Yet they do; and the conviction forces itself on the unofficial mind that the fault lies with the dockyards.

If any further proof were needed that mystifications are perpetrated somewhere in the administration of the navy, it would be afforded by the Marquess of RIXON's speech in the House of Lords on Monday night. He tried very hard to explain how the explosion on board the *Collingwood* came to happen, and did his best to minimize the gravity of the accident, if that can be called an accident which was obviously the inevitable and clearly-foreseen consequence of stupid workmanship. With all his efforts, however, he only succeeded in making it clear that no human faculty is adequate to comprehending the system on which guns are supplied to the navy. There are, it seems, four kinds of 43-ton guns. First, the *Collingwood's*, which are manifestly no good. Secondly, the four on the *Colossus*, which are better, but must not be used for fear of more "accidents." Thirdly, various pieces in course of construction. They are going to be very good—as the *Collingwood's* were to have been. Fourthly, there are a few 43-ton guns made for the army—beautiful weapons—and given up by the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR at the urgent request of the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY when there seemed a danger that the new ironclads would be left unarmed. Be it observed that these last two classes have not been tried. We have only the Marquess of RIXON's word for their excellence, and really, rude as it may seem to say so, we like not the security. Supposing him, however, to be in the right, then this question calls for answer—Woolwich makes for both services, and how comes it to have two weights and two measures in this fashion? The FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY thoroughly confirms the charge brought against the Ordnance Department of having knowingly supplied the *Collingwood* with bad guns. It seems that when her 43-tonners were being made, the department was shown on authority which even it could not venture to pooh-pooh that they were bad. What the exact cause of the defect was—whether it was due to any or some or none of the causes which well-primed official gentlemen rattle off so glibly from their places in Parliament—are questions which may be left to technical judges. It is very clear to whomsoever can estimate the value of evidence that the Ordnance Committee did pass what they had finally been persuaded was a bad gun. They knew, and the authorities at the Admiralty must be supposed to have known, that the guns designed for the *Collingwood* were untrustworthy. They were sure enough of it to make those begun later on other principles. Yet they deliberately allowed these unsafe pieces to be put on the *Collingwood*. Now, in the ordinary way of business, a firm which did this

sort of thing in the course of carrying out a contract would run a considerable risk of being found guilty of fraud. Lord NORTHBROOK, who had fellow-feeling enough to come to the help of the Marquess of RIPON, offered some topics of consolation to the House of Lords. He thought the 63-ton gun might not unreasonably be expected to turn out to be a decent weapon, and was quite hopeful about the 110-ton gun. His reasons for this confidence deserve quotation. Put into plain English they amount to this—that the gun is made by a private firm, has been tested by the Italian Government, and may, therefore, be trusted. Possibly he is right; but this other proposition, that the guns made at Woolwich on principles not tested by independent judges are unworthy of confidence, is not to be denied after recent experience. Therefore we shall wait to see before putting our trust in the 63-ton gun.

Viscount SIDMOUTH, with all the faith in the virtues of a change of system which no amount of disappointment seems to be able to root out of some Englishmen, proposed the establishment of a separate foundry for naval guns as a remedy for the existing machinery for achieving failure. On this point Lord NORTHBROOK observed, in his calm and luminously businesslike way, that there was a great deal to be said for and against. Very true, and Her Majesty Queen Anne has been dead this many a year. For our part, we have no inclination to speak on either side of the great debate until a preliminary piece of work has been done. What it is may be most fitly shown by further quotation from Lord NORTHBROOK. He thought, such was the warmth of his fellow-feeling for the Marquess of RIPON, that the Admiralty had really done all it could be expected to do in the matter of the 43-ton gun. Now before anything else is done, the Admiralty and Woolwich must be shaken, and roughly if necessary, out of the habit of looking at things in this way. There has been failure, and what in business would be called dishonesty, in the supply of guns to the navy, and the official gentlemen really cannot see that they could have behaved otherwise. Ex-official gentlemen quite agree with them. "I beseech you," said CROMWELL to the Scotch ministers, "believe you may be mistaken." We must beseech the Admiralty and Ordnance Departments to believe they may be mistaken, and, if they will not be persuaded, would be quite prepared to fall back on the PROTECTOR's ultimate argument, which was to march his unmanageable disputants out of the town, and deposit them on a moor. For the rest, it really does not matter whether the guns for the services are made by the same department or not. The qualities which make an efficient weapon are the same, whether it is to be used on land or water. The essential thing is that it should be made by men who will not shut their eyes to scientific facts, and refuse to be instructed by more competent workmen—that is to say, by some persons very unlike the Ordnance Department.

WHO WROTE WHAT?

NOTICE.—Burton—Shakspeare.—ROBERT BURTON, having been in all probability the author of the writings known as Shakspeare's, all BOOKS, &c., used by him will have a peculiar value, and should be carefully PRESERVED.—Mulum in Parvo.

THIS advertisement, from the *Times*, may be a cunningly-devised cypher. It may contain an appointment with AMANDA, or information for BILL SIKES, or news from Mr. PATRICK FORD for Mr. JOHN MORLEY. But it is more probable that the advertisement is only the utterance of one of the characteristic idiots of our age. Incredulity has now so overleaped itself that it has fallen on the other side. People who cannot believe in the Catechism swallow Mme. BLAVATSKY as easily as ZEUS gulped down his wife after she had changed herself into a fly. Sceptics about St. Matthew's Gospel entertain a lively faith in the Life of APOLLONIUS, and ladies who cannot credit the statement that the earth is spherical easily accept the statement that the English are the Lost Tribes. In literature this credulous scepticism has long been rampant. Every *Privat-docent* has his system, showing that the Odes of HORACE were written by SIDONIUS APOLLINARIUS, or that they were a long political allegory addressed to MURENA. Mr. W. L. COURTNEY has discovered, and the *Fortnightly Review* has printed the discovery, that THACKERAY described a world, or drew a picture of a world, in which the heart was absent. Mr. DONNELLY has found out that the First Folio of SHAKSPEARE is a labyrinthine historical record all about BACON and ELIZABETH. Mr. PALEY thinks HOMER'S

poems were first written in the time of PERICLES, or, at least, that is as near his opinions as we are able to come after much study thereof. So it is not amazing that the critic who advertises in the *Times* thinks BURTON the author of the dramas attributed to SHAKSPEARE. Still less amazing will it be if he gets people to believe him. There is no absurdity so ludicrous that the mob of intelligent nincompoops will not swear by it if it be new.

After all, BURTON and SHAKSPEARE were contemporaries; both were very clever men, and both knew a number of things. SHAKSPEARE's lack of Greek and Latin are as notable as BURTON's skill in these tongues; but this, and the objection that BURTON always fails when he writes of the passion of love, can be got rid of by the exercise of the slightest ingenuity. There is no way of disproving the nonsense about SHAKSPEARE, BACON, BURTON, and so forth. Ridicule is thrown away on it; it is like ridiculing solar-myth people. You show them that their arguments would prove any one who ever lived to be the sun, and they reply, "But he wasn't." They then deprecate mockery in grave matters. The defence of literary mares'-nests is the same. It would be easy to demonstrate that Mr. HERBERT SPENCER wrote DICKENS'S novels, though a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* supports that plausible thesis but lamely. It would be easy to prove that RABELAIS wrote RONSARD'S poems, that CHAUCER wrote WYCLIFFE'S tracts, that JAMES I. wrote RALEIGH'S *History of the World*, that the PRINCE OF WALES wrote RUFF'S *Guide to the Turf*, that Mr. HOLMES wrote *Evangeline*, and that Mr. JOHN BRIGHT wrote "We Don't Want to Fight." There is no lack of arguments which would prove all these statements as readily as Mr. PALEY proves the late date of Greek writing, or Sir GEORGE COX demonstrates the existence of the Sun-frog, or Mr. DONNELLY sets forth the Shakspearian cypher. The worst of it is that people are taken captive by these fantasies, and excite themselves about "who wrote" this or that which they never read. A competent authority lately declared that vast numbers of decent folk have never read *Pickwick*. Yet they would all be quite excited if any one seriously endeavoured to show that *Pickwick* was written by its publisher, or by MACLISE, or by the Man in the Moon. Perhaps the controversy would even make some of them dip into the original, and that is the only good such dull discussions can do. If the irresponsible believers in the last mare's-nest about BURTON, BACON, and SHAKSPEARE will only read SHAKSPEARE, BACON, and BURTON, they may repent and be converted. But they will not do that; they will read magazine articles about them, and listen to speeches about them, and even pay guineas to silly Societies for prosing about them. Have the members of the Browning Society all read *Men and Women*? That is a question to which an outsider could give an answer confident, and probably correct. But people would rather wonder whether Sir THOMAS BRASSEY writes Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches for him, or whether Queen ELIZABETH was not DARNLEY in disguise—an hypothesis, by the way, which would explain why Queen ELIZABETH never married.

LESSONS FROM BUDA-PESTH.

A CERTAIN weekly paper, now in a saner frame of mind, once did a very funny thing. It tearfully inquired why it was that universal nature would not conform itself to the ideas of Mr. GLADSTONE. This eminent gentleman had, so this periodical asserted, been making calculations and prophecies for years, all very virtuous and most deserving to be true. Somehow or another they one and all turned out to be false, which this friendly and philosophical spectator of the great man's career could not but attribute to the malignant nature of things and the incessant activity of the Devil in this lower world. If there is any daily or weekly periodical equally conscious of philosophy and belief in Mr. GLADSTONE at this moment, it must be moved to similar melancholy reflections by the latest news from Vienna. When the Home Rule Bill was introduced, our miraculous PREMIER, untaught by experience, cited the Austro-Hungarian Constitution as a good precedent for the measure. There were people to whom the comparison seemed strained, and to whom the cases appeared to have rather less than the familiar Macedon and Monmouth degree of resemblance. Ireland is not exactly in the position of a country which has kept its national unity, its Constitution, and its language intact after being hammered on for centuries by the Turk on one side and the German

on the other. Also, it was awkward to remember that the compromise of 1866 was only accepted by Austria after a great defeat at the hands of Prussia in order to avoid a civil war which would have infallibly meant disruption and national ruin. We have not, in spite of the Admiralty, yet lost that Sadowa in the Channel which used to be prophesied. But it is superfluous to seek for general arguments to show that Mr. GLADSTONE's case in point was no case at all. Just at the most inconvenient moment when it was the manifest duty of the Austro-Hungarian Constitution to avoid all conduct which must be known to annoy the Grand Old Man, it has, with the customary malignity of Nature to Mr. GLADSTONE, been and gone and exploded into as pretty a quarrel as we have seen for some reasonable space of time.

Put into a nutshell the story amounts to about this. Hungary has remained herself, as her custom is, in spite of the healing compromise of 1866. She has steadily followed her own interests, or what she believes to be her interest. Now it happens that in following this course she has come smartly into collision with other States of the Empire, and, the authorities being co-ordinate, there seems to be no possibility that a conflict can be avoided except by the surrender of one side or the other. For the moment "the one" in the quarrel is Hungary, and "the other" is the rest of the Empire. The Magyar knows perfectly well that he had his way after Sadowa because the other members of the Austrian Monarchy were afraid of him, and he very naturally rides roughshod over all opposition. The other Austrian States are getting sick of being ridden over in this fashion, and would be glad to teach Hungary a wholesome lesson. The immediate subject of quarrel is petroleum. Hungary—and it is not peculiar in this respect—likes Protection when it wishes to keep things dear, and Free-trade when it wants its goods cheap. It has succeeded, by putting the necessary amount of pressure on the other members of the league, in imposing a duty on foreign corn for the benefit of its own corn lands, and has thereby caused a general rise in the price of bread. But it has no petroleum-mines, and it is consequently concerned to get its oil cheap. The present tariff helps it to do this very materially. Petroleum from the excellent and easily-worked mines of Baku can be imported "unrefined" at a very trifling duty. "Unrefined" for purposes of business means slightly doctored. Petroleum dressed up to look unrefined is imported into Fiume, where it can easily be cleared, and it is then sold at a moderate price all over the Empire. The arrangement has its merits from the Hungarian point of view; but it happens that the Galicians have petroleum-mines of their own which are not easy to work, and produce a class of oil which requires much refining. They are beaten out of the field altogether by the oil from Baku. With an almost touching ignorance of human nature, they have expected the Hungarians to agree to a compromise. "We have," they say, "made bread dearer to please you—now make oil 'dearer to please us.'" The Hungarians, in the natural course of things, have replied in whatever may be the Magyar equivalent for "That is quite another pair of 'boots.'" They have refused to be cooked in the same sauce as the Galicians, and there has been a quarrel. Proposals to readjust the tariff in a sense unfavourable to the Hungarians have been made, and, though the discussion has been postponed, it will probably be raised again. And then there will be a political deadlock. The quarrel is one which ought to please the orthodox economist. When Protectionists fall out, the Free-trader always thinks he sees his opening; but the dispute is by no means so interesting economically as politically. The merits of Free-trade and Protection have been threshed out thoroughly as a matter of argument, and we, at least, have nothing to learn from Austro-Hungary in that matter. Most people in England will agree that it would be better to tax neither corn nor oil; and everybody will be prepared to acknowledge that, if you prevent the Galician from getting cheap bread, it is in the last degree mean to ruin the oil trade by which he gets his money. Hungary, however, will apparently have nothing to say to questions of general equity. She is looking exclusively to her own interests, and is prepared to compel respect for them. In other words, she is fighting for political supremacy. At Buda-Pesth they believe that the central Government cannot afford to quarrel, and of course they are trading on this advantage. How much political feeling has got to do with the whole dispute is shown by the sudden and violent revival of the angry memories of '48 and '49 over the

complimentary ceremonies at the tomb of General HENTZI. The question whether one florin and a half or nine florins are to be paid on unrefined petroleum seems eminently likely to be a pretext for a fight over the much greater question whether Hungary is or is not to be mistress of the Empire. It is perhaps a bad sign that some Hungarians should be so ready to blaze up into patriotic excitement over the violent and foolish revolt of Kossuth's party in 1848.

To come back to the Austro-Hungarian Constitution considered as an example. This dispute is certainly deserving of careful attention in England at present. Un-English politicians at home and in America are in the habit of asserting that Home Rule would be just what the Federal Constitution is. If that very dreary and not very instructive subject, the history of the United States, were better known than it is, the example might not be thought so encouraging after all. One armed attempt at secession, and one threat to secede in the midst of a national war on the part of the North, spurts of fighting on the free-soil question, a threat of secession by the South on the nullification dispute, and a great civil war make a tolerable record of serious difficulties for the ninety years or so during which the Federal Constitution has existed. But nobody who is capable of estimating the value of historical evidence would think for a moment of comparing the United States Constitution with any possible system of Home Rule to be established in Ireland. The comparison with the Austro-Hungarian is closer. We shall not be so discourteous as to think of classing Hungary, with its record, which has been generally respectable, and sometimes heroic, with Ireland. The Hungarians are, for one thing, a united people. Still, there is a certain similarity between the state of things established in Austro-Hungary in 1866 and that which Mr. GLADSTONE would establish in the United Kingdom. Hungary was allowed to obtain, or rather succeeded in seizing, a species of limited national independence, and has kept it for twenty years without civil war. It is now becoming clear how this degree of success has been obtained. From the day the complex Federal Constitution was put in force a disruption has only been avoided by the steady determination of Austrian statesmen to avoid offending the Hungarians. They have had their way and have been quiet. Now, when they have come into collision with other parts of the Empire, and when there is at least good reason to believe that they are in the wrong, the leading statesmen of the Empire are compelled to consider surrender to them as a necessity to avoid a worse evil. The "irony of fate" could not well have shown its old spite to Mr. GLADSTONE better than by bringing this quarrel on at this time.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF COPYRIGHT.

WE have more than once called attention to the subject of musical copyright, especially in connexion with public singing. The cases are usually very hard. The curate sings "Put me in my little bed," or some other equally entrancing ditty, at the school feast, and is mulcted in damages and costs at the suit of a gentleman whose name he never heard. Very often the gentleman's name is WALL, and those who run their heads against him always break them. But Mr. WALL, like "Truthful TOMMY," is more than three gentlemen at once. There are numerous WALLS, one of whom is called MONAGHAN, and possesses the copyright of a song known as "We are going to reform some day." It is to be hoped that we are, especially the law of copyright. This song is, no doubt, a regular sidesplitter, and it has been sung sixteen times by one BRUCE in the Clarence Music Hall, Blackpool. They are very gay people at Blackpool. They have had Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT at their winter gardens, and are understood to know what's what. Mr. TAYLOR, however, the manager of the Clarence Music Hall, does not know what the law of musical copyright is, or else he does not act upon his knowledge. At all events, he did not ask the leave of the assignee, who brought an action against him for sixteen separate penalties of two pounds each and recovered them all. The manager endeavoured, with an ingenuity which could not have been displayed in a better cause, to escape from his liability, and the question was discussed at some length before a Divisional Court. A sanguine person, who was probably not a metaphysician, asserted that the subject of free-will and necessity would be cleared up once for all, if only it could be discussed before four judges sitting in Banc. That august

spectacle is no longer to be seen, and only two judges sat upon the case of *MONAGHAN v. TAYLOR*. Mr. TAYLOR deposed at the time that he had never heard the whole song sung, and was only acquainted with fragments of it, like the distinguished statesman who sent for the eminent actor between two acts in *Hamlet*, and requested that he might be informed how the story finished, as important business called him away. Mr. TAYLOR was unable to piece together the isolated passages of poetry which he thus heard. He did not know whether they would together make up a song, or whether they were bits of different songs. There was Mr. BRUCE singing, and what more could Mr. TAYLOR be expected to know?

The additional knowledge required of Mr. TAYLOR was an acquaintance with the laws of England. By one of these, it is virtually enacted that every one who takes part in the public performance of any modern song does so at his peril. He is safe in the performance of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," for copyright is not interminable. But the last half-century or so is perilous ground. It was argued for Mr. TAYLOR that he had not "caused" the performance of the song. Causation is a thorny topic, and into the relations between proximate and ultimate causes we do not propose to pry. The plaintiff's case was that any one who allowed a copyright song to be sung when he might have prevented it was liable in damages. Considering that no man is legally bound to save another from drowning, this contention was very bold. There could be no doubt that the defendant had employed BRUCE to sing, though it was said that he had not specified any particular song, and had a right to assume that the law would not be broken. But it is settled, and ought to be known, that ignorance is no defence to an action for penalties under the Copyright Acts. "If it were necessary," said Lord COLERIDGE, "to prove knowledge in the defendant, it would be difficult to 'work the Act or protect the copyright.' That may be so under the existing law. But why not provide that the name and address of the present owner of the copyright should be printed upon every copy of a copyright song, and that no action should lie if this condition were not observed? In the present case the Court held that the defendant was liable, BRUCE having been his agent to sing. The lessee of a theatre makes himself responsible for breaches of dramatic copyright committed by any one to whom he lets it for the performance of plays, and the manager of the Clarence Music Hall was in the same position. But the Act of 1842 requires amendment in the sense we have suggested.

AFTER DISSOLUTION.

THE immediate dissolution of Parliament, should such an event occur, may perhaps derange some of Mr. GLADSTONE's projects of agitation and disturbance. It is impossible to form any confident conjecture of the answer which the constituencies may return to the Minister's appeal; but it is nearly certain that their attention will be concentrated on a single issue. The continued union or the separation of England and Ireland is a question which may well supersede all other matters of political interest. It is true that the Caucasuses and their wirepullers care little or nothing for the merits of a scheme which concerns them chiefly as it involves the triumph or defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE, whom they justly regard as the embodiment of faction. His supposed claim to the confidence of the country will be proclaimed on every Radical platform; but it will be necessary to connect his name with a policy, and his latest measure will be applauded as his greatest achievement. The local election-managers will not be embarrassed by the fact that during the contest of last winter they never referred to Home Rule, except when they pretended that it was favoured by the Conservative Government. The vague rumour that Mr. GLADSTONE had been converted to the doctrine of Mr. PARNELL was not unnaturally scouted by the Radical managers as a malignant calumny. They will now ask the electors to place confidence in the Government because its members have, with scarcely an exception, violated their pledges in deference to their versatile and unscrupulous chief. If argument is thought necessary, plausible reasons for the disruption of the kingdom may be easily collected from the tedious debate in the House of Commons. Opposition candidates will, on their part, be eager to accept or to anticipate the challenge of their adversaries. It would be rash to assume that the most outrageous act of Mr.

GLADSTONE's career has already been perpetrated; but his Home Rule Bill is the worst measure which he has yet introduced, and the tricks and quibbles which have been employed in the conduct of the Bill transcend all his former exhibitions of sophistical perversity. His critics would have an easy task if they could address their comments to an educated and intelligent audience. Even in the conditions of the struggle as it will actually occur they may perhaps derive some advantage from the opportunity of denouncing a measure which is wholly wrong.

Although Mr. GLADSTONE has probably persuaded himself of the soundness of his policy and the excellence of his motives, there is reason to believe that he is not prepared to rely exclusively on the wisdom or popularity of his proposed Irish legislation. The notorious Hawarden letter, which has not since been retracted or explained, was apparently designed not so much to recommend Home Rule as to stimulate the envy and prejudice of the populace against the upper and middle classes. In the pursuit of the object he thought it worth while to admit that his measures were disapproved by the owners of property, by the professions, and generally by all who are best entitled to form and to express a political judgment. He well knows that ignorant and passionate multitudes are in times of agitation inclined to reject every opinion which is sanctioned by respectable authority. The "classes," as Mr. GLADSTONE calls them, are suspected, not so much of error as of selfish motives, or of supercilious arrogance. To an ambitious demagogue it matters nothing that such an imputation is altogether inapplicable to the present case. The "classes" have no special interest in the government or misgovernment of Ireland, although they share the liability of their countrymen to suffer from the effects of a ruinous blunder. It is not improbable that the attempt to stir up a war of classes may be repeated when the Minister, in accordance with custom, issues a Manifesto on the announcement of the dissolution. He must know that the pretended enthusiasm of the Caucus for the novel policy of Home Rule is wholly factitious, even when it is not deliberately hypocritical. Votes in favour of the Government will be given, not as the result of conviction, but in deference to the popular favourite, who has condescended to subside from the rank of a statesman to the level of a demagogue. By Home Rule the mob and its directors mean the current caprice of Mr. GLADSTONE. His deliberate purpose of setting class against class was further proved in his sudden announcement that he favoured the payment of members. Rich men, as he inaccurately stated, enjoyed political pensions, some of which he has himself conferred on needy colleagues. The poor ought, therefore, to receive a corresponding boon.

The suspicion that Mr. GLADSTONE was about to promote a fresh democratic agitation is confirmed by hints and statements which have been lately published in his organ. Since the beginning of the Home Rule debate, and when it was thought that the second reading would be carried, the *Daily News* has more than once intimated that the remainder of the Session would be employed in forwarding certain urgent measures. One of the proposed Government Bills was to provide for an improved system of registration, by which another large extension of the franchise was to be effected for the purpose of including in the constituency a corresponding number of capable citizens. The Government has already allowed a Bill for the same purpose in Ireland to pass a second reading. The misrepresentation of the loyal Irish by the Parnellite members is apparently not sufficiently complete. It may be remembered that in Mr. GLADSTONE's list of intended measures published on the eve of the last election a Registration Bill was included. The other subjects of the address were so much more interesting that few readers took the trouble to notice or to understand the announcement of an amended system of registration. It was generally, though erroneously, supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE only wished to correct defects of machinery and to obviate possible mistakes in the preparation of electoral lists. In this instance he may be acquitted of any intention to deceive; for when registration was mentioned as one of four legislative proposals, it might have been understood that it was not a trivial or secondary measure. Only inexperienced readers of the programme could have assumed that any scheme of the same author's was likely to be innocuous. In fact, the general attention was exclusively fixed on other declarations and on the characteristic ambiguities which they involved. There were, for instance, irreconcilable differences in the

interpretation of the purpose of relegating the question of disestablishment to the dim and distant future. Some sanguine friends of the Church thought that a fresh security had been provided for its maintenance, while, according to another and perhaps better opinion, disestablishment was mentioned for the purpose of bringing the measure within the range of practical politics. The remaining topics of the circular were sufficiently important to reduce registration to insignificance.

It may now be inferred from the language of the *Daily News* that Mr. GLADSTONE proposes, whenever he deals with registration, to relax the restrictions which apply to residence and to the qualification of lodgers. The experiment of packing the constituencies has answered so well that it is to be repeated, not perhaps for the last time. The qualification of flesh and blood is not yet fully recognized by legislation. A sensible approximation to universal suffrage would result from the enfranchisement of the less settled part of the population. Mr. GLADSTONE has good reason for believing that any downward extension of the suffrage would add to the number of his most docile supporters. The agricultural labourers and the working-men who have found admittance to the House of Commons have no doubts or scruples in following wherever he may guide them the leader whom they sincerely trust and admire. That his statements have generally a double sense and that his explanations leave his meaning darker than before is no impediment to the implicit trust of political newcomers, who find many other things which they fail to understand. The devotion of enlightened voters who are represented by Mr. LEICESTER and Mr. ARCH is fully appreciated by their trusted leader. "The classes" are more troublesome with their questions, their criticisms, and their doubts. The prophet greatly prefers more credulous disciples, and he meditates a Registration Bill because it will increase their number. The present Parliament is likely to prove contumacious on the subject of Home Rule, though its tendencies have otherwise been in favour of movement and change. It is a tedious process to keep up the temperature of a vessel by the constant addition of hot water. When a House of Commons cools in its allegiance it is more convenient to pour in a large quantity at boiling heat. The constituency of 1832, or even of 1867, would certainly have refused to follow Mr. GLADSTONE. Even after it has been swamped in 1885, it will perhaps scarcely tolerate Home Rule. It is, therefore, time by registration or some other method to reinforce Mr. GLADSTONE'S influence.

There is not time to introduce a new body of electors into the constituencies before the impending election. A purpose of legislation seems to have been entertained; but the registers for the present year must have followed the existing rule. One main object of a Registration Bill would be attained by advertising the anxiety of the Minister to strengthen the popular element in the electorate. Under the system of party government, it has always been too much the practice of statesmen to consult their own political interests in their public policy. It was not till Mr. GLADSTONE'S accession to power that party considerations became paramount. Ireland and Egypt have been among the chief victims of the supposed need of securing at all hazards a majority in the House of Commons. The habit of appealing to the electors, or to those who manipulate their votes, has still further vulgarized the administration of public affairs. A smaller sacrifice of public duty would sometimes conciliate the House of Commons, but the Caucus expects broad and startling legislation. The proposal of a measure often serves the purpose of popularity as fully as an Act of Parliament. A Registration Bill, which would have been distasteful to the Conservatives, might have been useful for agitation even when it had been defeated or withdrawn.

THE SEPARATION BILL DEBATE.

IN view of the expedient which has been repeatedly adopted by a certain section of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters for the prolongation of the Home Rule debate, we cannot but think that Radical jokes on the subject of "stage armies" are just a little rash. The twenty-seven applicants for the "parole" who have made known their wishes through Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the "more than twenty" whom his admirable colleague met "quite promiscuous" on Thursday afternoon, and who all assured him that they were burning to deliver themselves on the Bill—have any of these gentlemen, perchance, contrived "a double debt to

"pay"? Has the aspiring orator who has confided his coy ambition to one member for Northampton made his "exit" "R." so to speak, and then "re-entered L." among the followers of the other member for Northampton? The thing is possible, for no names are given; but since it is possible, and, to some suspicious minds, even probable, let Radical satirists, in wisdom, chasten the exuberance of their humour, and let us hear no more about "stage armies."

We will only remark before quitting the subject that, if the suspicion at which we have hinted is well founded, the managerial liberality which has been displayed in the proceeding is more conspicuous than its tactical adroitness. Twenty-seven *plus* twenty equals forty-seven; and if there are really forty-seven English Liberals desirous of explaining to the public how it is that their pledges have not disagreed with them, and if the desire of all of them is to be gratified, the extension of the debate for a night or two longer will be a wholly inadequate mode of dealing with the situation. A fortnight at the very least would be required in order to satisfy these demands, at the average rate of eight speeches per night on each of the four working nights of the week—unless, indeed, some half of the forty-seven aspirants could be allowed to address the House after a fashion immortalized in the *Critic*. In that case it would be a thousand pities that Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, their natural *Coryphæus*, who might so well have repeated those noble lines, "Nor save by due promotion" (or is it salvation?) "and the right, Of service to the rank of Major-General, "Have risen"—should have exhausted his right of speech in the debate.

Failing this method of meeting the difficulty, the statistics of Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. BRADLAUGH were simply calculated to beget a feeling of despair, and would have given the PRIME MINISTER, if so disposed, an excellent excuse for closing the debate, according to his original proposal, last night. The twin brethren of Northampton, however, found a willing hearer in Mr. GLADSTONE—to the extent, at least, of convincing him that "it would be difficult, if not almost impossible," to wind up the debate this week; and Monday, accordingly, is fixed for "positively the last night." Saturday and Sunday are always very busy, and sometimes very important, days during the pending of a political crisis; but the game to which they are usually devoted is one which admits of two players; and thus far, at any rate, it is not the Unionist who has any reason to object to another bout. We admit, however, that the desire of Ministers to secure another two days' interval for what is politely called "negotiation" is quite intelligible and not on the whole unwise. It is at least clear that whatever can be done in the way of detaching weak-kneed Unionists from their party is more likely to be done outside the House than in it. Inside the House it is too obviously a case of *ventum ad triarics* with the Government. Their Irish allies have had to be brought up, not, we think, with a very happy effect upon Ministerial prospects. The "epigrams" of Mr. SEXTON and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR seem, no doubt, wonderful performances to the new members of the House of Commons, who have never in club or institute or discussion forum heard such lively and fluent young men before; but, even if more competent judges always found the hall-mark on the wit of the Parnellites, and something more than a rather rowdy kind of flippancy in their humour, we still doubt whether their prominent interposition in a militant capacity in the debate is calculated to conciliate English opposition. It recalls old times a little too distinctly for that. So long as Mr. PARNELL'S party had orders to gush and coo, it was possible for some light minds and short memories to forget the record of the men, and to abandon themselves to the delightful dream of an Irish Parliament in which gushing and cooing over the message of peace from England should be always the first order of the day. But now that their fears for the fate of the Bill have brought them into the field with the old war paint on their bodies and the recently exhumed tomahawk in their hands, the effect has been very awakening. After all, there is generally a certain sense of decency and fitness about even the slowest and stupidest of Englishmen, and it is this sense which is offended when English politicians of the standing of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. TREVELYAN, of Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, are pelted with insults by men of the type and antecedents of Mr. HEALY and Mr. SEXTON. Disgust of another kind too is awakened by the loud-mouthed professions of respect for law and of repugnance for violence which have proceeded from men who for five years past have owed every political advantage they have gained to their

defiance of the one and their condonation, if not encouragement, of the other. Who can endure, for instance, to listen to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's theatrical indignation at those opponents whom he charged with imputing the crime of murder and mutilation to the "Irish people at large"? What anxiety did he or his colleagues ever show to dissociate the Irish people from these crimes when five years ago their perpetration was playing the game of the "Irish Parliamentary party"? So far from their doing so, we think we can recall a certain famous utterance of Mr. DILLON's on this subject, which it might have been well for the effusive Radicals who cheered Mr. O'CONNOR's heroics the other night to have remembered.

We do not know how many more of the Irish contingent there are who, in the proud words of Mr. MOLLOY, do not only "desire" to take part in the debate, but "intend to do so." The Government, we think, would be well advised in restricting their number as much as possible; but they are in the unfortunate difficulty of having no speakers of their own to substitute for them. Now that Mr. MORLEY has spoken, there remains no one of the slightest importance to speak from the Treasury Bench, or indeed from the benches behind it, in support of the Bill, until Mr. GLADSTONE rises to wind up the debate. To Mr. MORLEY's speech of Thursday night it is paying but a very moderate compliment to say that it was far superior to the one which he delivered in the debate on the first reading. The CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND has at any rate learnt the lesson that it is better to advocate a measure of legislation, at least to an assembly of grown men, on the ground of the benefits which will be produced by passing it rather than of the danger which will be incurred by rejecting it. But the more respectable line of argument is also the more difficult one. It never was easy to convince doubters of the benefits likely to arise from passing the Separation Bill; and it has become ten times more difficult now that Mr. GLADSTONE has been obliged to promise that, if the House of Commons will only "affirm its principle," the Bill, together with all its benefits, shall be withdrawn. The extreme difficulty in which the course thus taken by the captain has placed the lieutenant was shown in Mr. MORLEY's desperate attempt to answer the question why the Government did not proceed by way of abstract resolution. It was because, says Mr. MORLEY, "it was indispensable that in raising this question we should show that we were prepared with a plan for carrying it out." But this is exactly what they have failed to show. They have produced a plan which is so ill adapted for carrying out their policy that they have undertaken, on condition that the House of Commons will say that it thinks the policy a good one, to withdraw the plan from its consideration. How does this improve matters, as compared with the procedure by abstract resolution? Mr. MORLEY's argument practically amounts to saying that, in order to justify a Government in asking Parliament to approve of a particular policy, they must first demonstrate that it is capable of realization by making a ludicrously unsuccessful attempt to realize it. The argument is not a good one; but it is not worse than the controversial position from which it proceeds, and which has practically compelled the resort to it.

ARBORICULTURE.

MODERN ideas in many ways are against planting trees, except of the "soft wood" kinds that grow fast and can soon be cut down for sale. As one writer recently said, bemoaning the rapid disappearance of fine oak timber, "Such crops have been in England; but they will probably never be again, for no one in his senses would dream, in a state of political instability like ours, of planting any of his land in this way." And England without her traditional oak-trees will be a changed land indeed. The exaggerated ideas on the subject of sanitation, which are one of the developments of an age whose peculiarity it is to run away with any idea that takes its fancy, also are against the planting of many trees and shrubs about a house. "Conducive to damp," say the lovers of houses "perched on a hill" that refuse "to be hid." But what can be more unsightly, on the one hand, than a "Temple of the Winds," unprotected and bare to every breeze that blows, or more lovely than a house nestled in its woods, protected from the too keen air, whereby its shrubs and flowers would otherwise be nipped and blasted. Flowers get more and more attention every year, endless books are written in their honour, no detail is thought too trivial which may affect their welfare. Trees get but little of such attentions; there seems to be an unexpressed belief that, like Topsy, trees just "grow," and need none of the loving care or thought expended on flowers. The grouping of *massifs* of foliage is entirely neglected;

people who have country places generally accept blindly any "fortuitous concourse" of trees and shrubs which appear in their grounds and woods. It never occurs to them to think that the existing order of things may be improved in any way; "it was so" in their grandfather's time, and, though it seems a pity to upset the good old Conservative idea that what was good enough then is good enough now, still, as we are dealing with trees and not politics, it may be allowed that a general advance in practical arboriculture is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The Americans have already recognized the advantages of encouraging the cultivation of trees and shrubs. In 1868 the Boards of Supervisors of each county in California were empowered by law to disseminate knowledge on the subject of tree culture, times and ways of planting, means of protection from injury to each kind of tree or shrub, tests of age, &c.; and to those owners of land who made use of this information and cultivated trees, the Boards were authorized to give rewards if, after four years, the results were successful and satisfactory. Mr. Heath, one of the great authorities of the present day on trees, alludes to this Californian method of encouragement by law, and goes on to say "that as much as 1*l.* was given for each tree thus successfully planted, and the following trees were especially recommended for the purpose:—Almond, Apple, Ash, Cherry, Chestnut, Cypress, Elm, Eucalyptus, Fig, Gum, Honey-Locust, Larch, Laurel, Maple, Mulberry, Orange, Pear, Pines, Plum, Poplar, Redwood, Spruce, Tulip-tree, and Walnut. The Board recommended also that the age for planting should be from three to eight years, and the space between each tree should be not less than twelve feet." In Canada "Arbor Day" is rapidly becoming an institution, thanks to the efforts of Mr. W. W. Lynch, Commissioner of Crown Lands. The idea of one day in the year being set aside by proclamation to be observed by the planting of trees is a charming and idyllic one, only to be originated among a young nation in a young country. Even the school children take part in the observances of Arbor Day and are granted a holiday, "the holiday to be devoted to transplanting trees on to the lands belonging to such establishments [the schools], or upon any other lands that may be deemed proper." We should much like a footnote to this remark, if it would inform us whether trees transplanted by the *genus* schoolboy thrive under the efforts of these amateur woodreeves. Another good idea on the subject of tree-planting we also owe to the Americans, that of planting trees as monuments. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is now delighting us with his "autocratic" presence, has written much in favour of this fashion, hoping "that the example set of planting trees as monuments will do as much for American landscape as the best of our authorship has done for American literature."

But it is not so much of the planting of trees and shrubs in towns that we wish to speak. Town arboriculture is of necessity arbitrary as to its choice of trees. Certain trees and shrubs will stand the exigencies of town life, and accommodate themselves to being caked and penetrated with sooty grime; but others will do nothing of the kind, and die rather than accept such conditions. Therefore, though the parks and public gardens are one of the features, not only of London, but of all our great towns, and are often exquisite in their beauty and freshness, it is unavoidable that there should be a great sameness in the trees and shrubs used for their decoration. Even azaleas and rhododendrons are used but sparingly, and seldom attain the size that one sees in the country. But in the country it strikes us often as extraordinary how little use is made of the modern discoveries in arboriculture. New trees are seldom planted, experiments in flowering and foliage shrubs are seldom made; and even the glorious shrubs of our own climate, lilac, hawthorn, laburnum—"golden rain," as the French with their usual dainty aptitude call it—are allowed to spring up when, where, and how they please, owing their place and existence often to either the winds of heaven or the birds of the air, both great seed-planters in their several ways.

"Variations of flowers are like variations of music," said Leigh Hunt, "often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded"; and of flowers this is true, for flowers never look so well as when each kind or colour is planted together, and not mixed according to a "carpet" gardener's ideas. Flowers, as a rule, are too small to treat otherwise than in masses; they are not large enough to stand alone, as trees and shrubs can. And herein lies the reward of the arboriculturist. Instead of troubling his head about "mosaic" patterns for a flower-bed, he works on larger canvases than the great Rubens himself. He is, indeed, a "scene-painter" in the broadest acceptance of the term. With a due knowledge of the seasons for each tree and shrub, he arranges his colours accordingly, so that the yearly resurrection of spring comes with a double revelation of beauty to the worshipper, who has so prepared the way that her very freaks are made into additional charms. The "art that hides itself" is never seen to such advantage as in the grouping of trees and shrubs with an eye to their individual peculiarities, as Spenser recognized full well even in his distant day when he spoke of "the most dainty paradise on ground," in which

The painted flowers; the trees upshooting high;
The vales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

The "great lexicographer," with his usual and characteristic habit of saying unpleasant things, once boasted that he did not

know a cabbage-rose from a cabbage, and asked whether landscape gardening demanded any great powers of mind. That Bacon thought sufficiently highly of the art to write as much about it as he did was probably but of little moment to Johnson, who prized other men's opinions in an inverse ratio to the value he placed (and expected others to place) upon his own. For that branch of landscape gardening which we would wish to bring to notice—namely, arboriculture—a variety of “powers of mind” are needed. A knowledge of the climatic influence to which each tree or shrub has been accustomed, its *habitat* in every way, is, in fact, a necessity to those who wish to be successful in the culture of many of the beautiful flowering trees and shrubs which come to us from other lands. Even amongst trees of the same species there is infinite variety in the amount of cold they will individually endure; and often the ingenuity of the arboriculturist will be taxed to the utmost to discover why some tender shrub, which is known to require a warm and sheltered situation, should thrive better on some high and exposed piece of ground. Experience will teach him that there is always some good and sufficient reason for such caprice could he only have discovered it. Perhaps the plant in question thrived *too* well in its appointed place. Instead of being kept back by cold from too early a development and too late a continuance of growth, it both developed and continued too early and too late, with the not unnatural result, in such a climate as ours, that late frosts cut off the early shoots in spring, and the yearly wood, not having had time to ripen and dry, on account of the late continuance of growth in autumn, is liable to be completely killed by winter cold. Of course, in a situation sufficiently high and exposed to keep back such exuberant vitality without otherwise injuring the shrub, its early shoots would not have arrived till after those midnight assassins, the late frosts, had come and gone, and chill October would have found it with dry and ripened wood, ready to face the snows of winter.

From the ancients, who can teach us so many things, we can also learn much of arboriculture. Hesiod gave careful directions for pruning and lopping poplars and for felling oaks, elms, and other large trees. Theophrastus treated of no less than 170 different species of trees and shrubs in his writings, many of which are indigenous to the British Isles. The younger Cyrus planted the whole of his garden at Sardis with his own hands. He planted his trees in long straight lines, which may therefore be considered one of the first types of landscape gardening; for the record of Xenophon in his *Economicus*, in which he relates how Cyrus showed his garden, “The Paradise of Sardis,” to Lysander, is the first mention, we believe, of the *quincunx* method of planting. In Holland’s quaint translation of Pliny’s *Natural History* he observes:—“In old times trees were the very temples of the gods; and, according to that ancient manner, the plain and simple peasants of the country, savouring still of antiquity, do at this day consecrate to one god or other the goodliest and fairest trees that they can meete withall; and, verily, we ourselves adore, not with more reverence and devotion, the stately images of gods within our temples (made though they be of glittering gold and beautiful ivory) than the very groves and tufts of trees, wherein we worship the same gods in religious silence.”

Arboriculture is one of those rare occupations to which only praise can be given. If a man who plants a garden benefits the world, how much more so does the man who plants trees. The flowers will last comparatively but a little time—very often one season sees them out—to be replaced by some fresh caprice the following year. But trees grow only more and more beautiful as the years roll by, improving the landscape, and scattering seeds abroad to continue the good work so well begun. Mr. Mongredien, in his most charming book on *Trees and Shrubs*, says, with much wisdom:—“Nature has fitted certain plants for thriving under peculiar conditions, and, on the other hand, has left but few spots on earth unfitted for at least some kind of vegetation. It is for man, studying the intents and purposes of nature, to discover the art of placing the right tree in the right place”; and it is to further that art that we hope to write about “Right Trees in Right Places” at no distant period.

A NONCONFORMIST ATHANASIOUS.

THERE are persons—there are even many of them—who have charged this periodical with unkindness to Nonconformists, with cynicism towards the weak brethren of the earth, with a generally robustious and periwigged attitude towards those who are unhappy enough to be politically and intellectually lame and halt and blind. The facts are exactly the other way. The delightful French poet who leant against M. de Rothschild’s counting-house, and reflected even to tears on the horrible poverty of that capitalist, was not more softly disposed, more inclined to “droppings” (as Mrs. Browning, in a phrase which it is difficult not to think awkward and ambiguous, has it), than we are when we contemplate Radicals and Dissenters and admirers of Mr. Gladstone and cattle of that kind. What slaves they are! what bigots! what unhappy obscurantists! So many of them would be such excellent people if they only knew how; and the chastening thought also occurs how many other people not at all excellent there are who know, or ought to know, how. Compare, for instance,

Sir William Harcourt and the Reverend J. Guinness Rogers. Sir William Harcourt has had all the “advantages,” as the school-mistresses say, that even a person so notoriously connected with Tuscan kings (if it is not exactly Tuscan it doesn’t matter) could demand. He was brought up in a combined atmosphere of science and allotments; he sucked the breasts of a renowned University; he enjoyed what we blush to call, but truth demands it, the very best literary society in his early age; he was the hero of memorable anecdotes; he sat in Parliament for the town in England which is next to London, a mother of Parliaments, or at least a nursing-mother; and Providence itself interfered to catch him in his fall when Oxford would have no more of him. And where is he? Where is that Harcourt now? Then take the Reverend J. Guinness Rogers. We are not aware that Mr. Rogers is connected with any kings, Tuscan or other. He was not brought up at Bolton Percy. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge calls him son, and he is generally in such blackness of darkness that he believes (which no one would assert the like of Sir William Harcourt) in Mr. Gladstone. He believes, as witness an article in this month’s *Nineteenth Century*; but, as witness the last two meetings of the National Liberal Federation, he trembles and, generally speaking, is very uncomfortable. The note of the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers is sincerity; his favourite occupation is the defence of the absent and the depreciation of attacks on setting suns. Whoever accused Sir William Harcourt of any such weaknesses as these? He would protest, and justly protest, like Jack Morris in *The Virginians*, that nobody ever knew him to be guilty of such pusillanimity. Yet we have, we confess, a certain weakness for the poor in spirit of this kind.

At both the celebrated meetings of the disrumped and eviscerated Caucus the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers has shown well. Three weeks or so ago he met the might of Illingworth in equal combat, and upset that champion in the name of peace and good-will even among Caucasians—most topsy-turvy and impossible aspirations, no doubt, but such as a man of mould—a man of illogical mould, and who has not studied his Aldrich—may indulge in. On Wednesday last Mr. Rogers was still at his post. He did not, indeed, bear the full brunt of the battle. That fell on Mr. Jesse Collings, who fought like Cuchullin, but with less effect, not having a Gae-Bulg to kick up into Dr. Foster’s stomach. Full of delight is it to see Mr. Jesse Collings, after two centuries (not that he is quite so old as that himself) resuscitating the historic term of anti-Birmingham, or, as they used to spell it in the seventeenth century, anti-Bromingham, and flinging it in the faces of the Kitsons and the Grippers and the slightly unpatriotic Schnadhorst. But Mr. Collings was, to use a vulgarism, quite “out of it.” All the others, all the other Birminghams, to keep up the seventeenth-century nomenclature, were gone save only Schnadhorst, who is a kind of renegade. They had elected in the place of Harris the great certain Dr. Foster, of whom no man knows anything except that he is member for Chester, and a hanger-on of Hawarden, and the utterer of perhaps the most absolutely foolish and abject speeches of pure Gladstonolatry untempered with any political knowledge or idea, good, bad, or indifferent, Tory, Radical, or Whig, that this age of political curiosities has seen. And Dr. Foster had talked about “the blank cheque of a Whig duke,” preferring, apparently, the filled-up cheque of a National Liberal Federation; and Mr. Storey, M.P., had proclaimed his adhesion to pure Radical principles, and had incidentally remarked that he didn’t call following your own opinion loyalty, which is illustrative and helpful as to the pure Radical principles. Then arose the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, grand, melancholy, beautiful. With the sarcasm which is sometimes born of sadness, he claimed Mr. Storey (who, indeed, has not always been a strict Gladstonian) as a convert, and was promptly disowned by the sometime co-proprietor of seventeen gutter newspapers. He expressed, as he had expressed before, the pain which things in general caused him. The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, to adopt a homely but touching simile, appears to be in the condition of those harmless infants to whom all kinds of food cause an acute, an agonizing indigestion. The people who abuse the dissidents in the Federation (Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Collings, and the Birminghams) pain him. Those who abuse Mr. Gladstone pain him still more. Most of all he is pained by those Liberals who “cheer men [say Mr. Sexton, for choice] who abused Mr. Gladstone last year and abused Mr. Chamberlain the night before.” The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers is, as it were, a chained Prometheus, and the vultures peck at him from all sides. Yet he has also his more active capacity, and in this he made the expression of the day. “He had,” he said, “the misfortune not to agree absolutely with anybody.” And therefore we have ventured to call him (*honoris causa*) a Nonconformist Athanasius.

It is true that, even if we put the example of the saint out of question, this attitude cannot be called altogether original. There is David Deans (for Johnny Dods, of Farthings Acre, was probably an ancestor of Mrs. Harris). There is the Quaker who met by himself every first day in his ain hoose. There is the almost equally celebrated servant in *Theophrastus Such*, who admitted that, “if he was to give his opinion, it ‘ud be different.” But these exemplars do not take away from the credit of Mr. Rogers’s attitude. In these days it appears to be very difficult not to agree absolutely with somebody, and the very slightest and most apologetic determination to have an opinion of one’s own and stick to it is very rare. Probably Mr. Rogers does not know those admirable, though unnecessarily aggressive, lines of a living

poet which are the best he has ever written, which atone for infinite verbiage, and which end in telling how—

[Man] sinks, unless his own soul guide,
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

Whether he knows them or not he exemplified them after his own fashion, and not after the fashion of Sir William Harcourt. But we are getting serious, which thing is to be avoided.

It is, no doubt, rather odd that a profession of Athanasianism in this sense should be found in the mouth of a passionate admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and all Mr. Rogers's utterances do not become him so well as that simple acknowledgment that he can't agree absolutely with anybody. Still, if we take him "at the bett not the worst," there is merit in him. It must be uncommonly difficult for a partisan, Nonconformist, Gladstonian Liberal, who has got any brains and any conscience, even to exist nowadays. He must be frightfully inclined to say, "I am a contradiction in terms; please take me away." But, supposing him to have got over this initial difficulty, he is then confronted with the hopelessly steep requirement of agreeing with somebody. This, we see, is too steep for Mr. Guinness Rogers. Not *crampons* nor the best sash-cord, not alpenstocks nor ice-axes, will enable him to get up this Hill Perpendicular. And, indeed, how should they? We had, on the same day as Mr. Rogers proclaimed his melancholy assertion of the dissidence of Dissent and the irreconcilableness of Nonconformity, another voice, speaking with authority in the columns of a Liberal newspaper, and informing the world that "it is the bitterest reflection with the great body of the Liberal party that its interests should have been wantonly sacrificed." Observe. It is not the bitterest reflection with this *soi-disant* great body that its great leader should have asked it to swallow every principle on the subject of Home Rule that it has ever pledged itself to. *Non dolet* that the said great leader should have already accomplished that feat himself. It is not bitter that pages and reams of eloquence hurled only last autumn at the supposed intentions of the Tories should recoil beyond all supposition and in unavoidable earnest on Liberal heads. The great body of the Liberal party (still self-styled) is not bothered with reflecting about what may or may not happen to the country. The condition-of-England question and the condition-of-Ireland question do not excite any qualms in it. Its "interests," its party interests, have been "wantonly sacrificed." Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Caine, the atrocious eighty-eight who have bound themselves by horrid oaths against good Mr. Gladstone, have "wantonly" sacrificed them—that is to say, have sacrificed them to such rubbishy considerations as their own trumpery views of duty, conscience, patriotism, anything but party. Keen would have been the pangs of the great body of the Liberal party in any case to think that its leader should be defeated; but to think that he should be wantonly sacrificed, sacrificed to mere *billesseuses*, like those appealed to in Mr. Chamberlain's speech of Tuesday, this is keener far. We really do not know that a more charming piece of self-revelation than this unconscious confession has ever been made.

No wonder, then, that the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, in a world all rocking and reeling around him, with nothing left but his trust in Mr. Gladstone, and even that a little shaken by the fact that Mr. Sexton is praising that great man, should say, not in his haste, that all political men are—well, are persons with whom he cannot absolutely agree. It does not, indeed, appear quite certain that he absolutely agrees with himself, and in this respect, as in some others, he is not quite St. Athanasius's equal. But such as he is, he is a most interesting example of a political Dissenter and Gladstonian who would like to be an honest and intelligent man, and cannot for his life (that is to say, his political Dissentership and Gladstonianism) quite manage it.

THE SALON.

TO indicate in a few words the general characteristics or the new tendencies of so vast an assemblage of works of art as the annual gathering at the Palais de l'Industrie is both difficult and hazardous. In so far as the present exhibition is distinguished from its forerunners, it may be described as the Salon, the honours of which are divided between the dead Victor Hugo and the living M. Pasteur; while love, war, and massacre, though not absent from its walls, must this time yield the first place to the victims of the great city, the starving and the frozen, the asphyxiated, the dying children and the despairing women of modern Paris. This quite recent development, generated by, or at any rate running parallel with, the most modern socialistic manifestations of our neighbours in politics and literature, is, to say the least, curious and instructive. It proves once more that the plastic arts, by an impulsion which is, perhaps, partly unconscious, follow closely the social developments of the day, or, rather, the literary manifestations by which these are evidenced; that sensitive as they are in receiving and further developing such impressions, they do not, in the first instance, lead but follow. It must be owned that this new groove, this unhealthy side-shoot put forth by naturalism, is calculated to inspire a certain alarm, little adapted as it appears to be for bringing into play the higher qualities of French art, either of imagination or execution.

One very important æsthetic problem the leading painters of modern France are very evidently bent on solving, and that is whether the subjects, the costumes, and scenes of modern life can

be made available on a large scale for purely decorative purposes. The question is a great one, worthy of being followed with an attention commensurate with the strenuous labour which is being bestowed on its solution; though it may be evident to the looker-on that, save in dealing with subjects belonging to that rustic life which is in itself a generalization of ordinary existence, the effort to bend the recalcitrant elements with which the younger generation are now battling must prove unavailing. Foremost among the decorative works, standing, indeed, alone alike as regards the magnificent qualities and the notable suppressions and condensations which it reveals, is M. Puvion de Chavannes's great triptych, "Vision antique; Inspiration Chrétienne; Le Rhône et la Saône," a consecutive series of great canvases destined to complete the decoration of the Lyons Museum, of which the "Bois Sacré," exhibited in 1884, also forms part. The two first sections are in the artist's finest manner, and especially the central portion, "Le Rhône et la Saône," is an almost unrivalled specimen of the power of adapting landscape on a grand scale to purely decorative objects—of obtaining the breadth and dignity of outline and the tenderness of colour required, by simplification, and not by arbitrary arrangement, or disarrangement, of nature. The two rivers, symbolized by nude male and female figures, are admirable in style, if somewhat invertebrate in execution, and they are married with supreme skill to the landscape which they adorn. "Inspiration Chrétienne" is by far the weakest part of the ensemble. It shows a mediæval monk—Fra Angelico, perhaps—painting a fresco, surrounded by a numerous company of personages, ecclesiastical and secular, the background being composed of a group of buildings in the Italian style of the middle ages. Here the peculiar *parti pris* of the painter, his aversion for individualized expression, his excessive simplification of the human form, are too little in harmony with the subject, the general effect of which is not helped by the weak architectural background. Nevertheless, the whole constitutes a magnificent decorative ensemble, such as could be rivalled by no other living artist. Subdued in tone as are the clear and subtle harmonies of the colouring, they are as far from coldness or monotony as those of a fine Corot; indeed, their vicinity proves fatal to more than one canvas of strong and positive hues such as assume the airs of rich and glowing colour. M. de Chavannes's influence is evident—perhaps too evident—in many works of the same class. Notably M. Humbert shows that he can neither forget the colouring nor the motives of the master, for one of two great decorative machines exhibited by him, the "Pro Patria," somewhat audaciously repeats as its chief incident the group of antique trumpeters from M. de Chavannes's "La Guerre" at Amiens; while the scheme of colour has the subdued tones, but not the subtlety, of the original. M. Léon Comerre, appearing in a rôle to which he has not of late accustomed the public, shows a large canvas of agreeable aspect, "Été et Automne," dealing on a somewhat excessive scale with rustic subjects, and applying with success to the purposes of pure decoration a manner compounded for the occasion from those of M. Jules Breton and M. Lhermitte. M. Montenard, breaking away from all tradition, from all attempt at ideality or generalization, shows us in his "Sur la côte en Provence; Panneau décoratif," merely a naked, rocky coast flooded with the glaring southern sun which beats down upon it, and made bright by gaily dressed Provençal women, who are shown passing up and down its rocky inclines, against which their forms are sharply outlined. Unquestionably, the result attained is brilliantly effective, though the principles of decorative art are deliberately infringed or rather ignored. The painter may be said to have cut the Gordian knot which others are so painfully seeking to unravel, and to have achieved success, though in a style which we should be loth to see elevated from the exception to the rule.

M. Benjamin Constant has produced in his "Justinien" a splendid, half-dramatic, half-decorative work on the vast scale which he usually affects. The Byzantine lawgiver is shown enthroned in the centre of the composition, robed in a costume archaeologically correct, and of the utmost magnificence, having round him the chief personages of his court, who shine with a splendour and importance scarcely inferior to the radiance of their august master. Taking the work for what it is, the result attained is surprising. The skill with which the soft suffused light is given, the extraordinary dexterity shown in reproducing the dazzling jewels and embroideries, and the attainment of a certain appropriate dignity in the types selected, are the salient qualities which at once impress themselves upon us. When the spell becomes less potent a certain emptiness, a want of real seriousness of purpose, makes itself painfully felt; it becomes evident that, weighty as is the subject chosen, it is in reality only a pretext for the technical "bravura" in which the painter revels—for the magnificent trappings which envelop and smother the chief motive. M. Rochegrosse, a young painter whose love for peculiarly dramatic and striking incident makes him in a sense a late scion of the Romantic school, while the unsparing truth and downrightness of his delineation allies him to the modern realists, has chosen for his theme the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, which he depicts in an upright canvas of imposing dimensions. The mighty king, not naked, but magnificently robed in the Assyrian mode, grovels flat on the earth, and on his neck the Angel of the Lord, a colossal but shadowy and transparent apparition, has scornfully set his foot, grasping the flaming sword of the Avenger. Two attendants bearing rich robes and ornaments express in very realistic and grotesque fashion their astonishment at the abasement of the mighty ruler. The conception is a striking and dramatic one,

but it is wrought out with a melodramatic exaggeration which detracts from its power, while the pantomime of the attendants, importing into the composition a strangely incongruous element of genre, is most unfortunate. M. Gérôme, even in his decline, can produce nothing which is not to some extent deserving of attention, though the mannerisms and limitations of a technique more than ever repugnant to modern notions once again seriously detract from his success. "Cedipe" is the piquant title which he has chosen for a small canvas, in which appears Napoleon I., motionless on horseback in the desert, gazing fixedly upwards at the scarred and impenetrable countenance of the Sphinx. M. Boulanger, a most learned draughtsman and shining light of the diminishing academic school, sends "Un Maquignon d'Esclaves à Rome," a work of small dimensions, wrought with extraordinary care, in which is repeated once more the threadbare subject of the classic slave-market. As separate studies some of the figures are perfect models of style and impeccable drawing, but they are held together by no connecting dramatic link; the invisible and indefinable influence which should dominate and unite the *dramatis personæ*, and make of them a living whole, is wanting. M. Jules Breton appears with two works, "Le Goutier" and "La Bretonne," showing as during the last few years a laudable desire to vary his well-known effects, and to enlarge the scheme of his colour, never remarkable for its variety. There is much that is excellent and something that is new in the two pictures, of which the former—peasant-girls taking their midday meal in a field starred with field-flowers—is perhaps the more complete. But, somehow, much of the real, distinctive Jules Breton—of the optimist poet of rustic life, who so well knew the way to our hearts—seems to have evaporated, leaving us, what we never were before, unmoved.

M. Henner is, as usual, M. Henner; and since he cannot be other than he is, let us be thankful that he is himself. As has been said with equal justice of M. Meissonier, "c'est encore lui qui fait le mieux les Henner." It is clear that the well-known effects have become tricks, that endless repetition has dulled the imagination, and destroyed something of the sensuous, melancholy charm which was an echo, but not an imitation, of the Venetians. Yet each time he reappears the strange fascination of his exquisite, mannered work reasserts itself. He shows "Solitude," a nude, dreaming nymph set in a frame of twilight somewhat deeper than usual, and "Orpheline," the delightful study of a young girl seen to the shoulders only, and wrapped in the folds of a black shawl, treated by the painter with extraordinary subtlety and skill. M. Carolus Duran, too, is as admirable and as provoking as ever. By their surprising freshness and brilliancy his canvases crush their neighbours, and stand out distinguishable by the strength and purity of their colour, by the lightness and firmness of their handling. Yet so great a technical mastery leads to nothing; the painter never completely frees himself from the atmosphere of the studio, never shakes off the vulgarity which is inherent in mere displays of virtuosity. His "Ève," a study of a nude female figure lying on cushions of silvery white, backed by a curtain of the painter's favourite "violet," and relieved with masses of cleverly broken crimson, is technically as fine and true, yet as thoroughly uninteresting, as anything the painter has produced.

The American group, which is always one of the attractions of the Salon, is this year somewhat less prominent than usual. Mr. J. S. Sargent is less well represented than in the London exhibitions of the year. M. Dannat sends a singularly powerful work, "Une Sacristie en Aragon," showing, in a cold grey obscurity which is scarcely typical of Aragon, a red-visaged, plethoric sacristan, seated at ease. The atmospheric effect is good, the handling both frank and solid; but the impression produced by the excessive, almost venomous coarseness with which the subject is treated is by no means a pleasant one. Mr. Alexander Harrison, one of the painters *par excellence* of open-air effects, has "En Arcadie" a delightfully fresh and gay study of female bathers—selected, however, from unnecessarily imperfect models—who sport on a river bank in the half-shadow of thick summer foliage, here and there penetrated by the sun which flecks the bodies of the women with alternate light and shadow. We are irresistibly reminded of the already famous "Plein Air" picture, which is the pivot of M. Zola's recent novel of the ateliers, *L'Œuvre*. A higher place than that occupied by the Americans must, on the whole, be accorded to the Scandinavian group, because the skilful painters whom it comprises, while assimilating with great success, and perhaps with over-eagerness, the most modern French fashions in painting, yet retain the bracing freshness of their native air, with a certain *goût de terroir* which adds singularly to the charm and value of their work. M. Kroyer, a moderate impressionist in the better sense of the term, daring comparisons with a well-known masterpiece of Adolf Menzel, sends "Dans une Ponderie," in which he strives with considerable success to reproduce the curious effect of daylight conflicting with the lurid glare of furnaces, and to suggest the never-ceasing movement of a great foundry. He has, however, failed to impart to his work in a sufficient degree that human interest to evolve which should be the chief aim of the higher realism; without which, indeed, such a subject, becoming too much a mere technical exercise, loses much of its *raison d'être*. M. Edelfelt has "L'Heure de la Retraite des Ouvriers—Finlande," and M. Hellquist an "Embarquement du Corps de Gustave-Adolphe," which does not exhibit his talent to the greatest advantage. If want of space did not forbid, much might be written as to the true and original effects

of light in its relation to the surfaces and textures of the human figure obtained by M. Gervex in his consummate, if too suggestive, "Femme au Masque," a tired beauty, who, in disrobing herself at daybreak, has cast away all clothing, save the mask which gives its name to the picture. As the most prominent exponent of the socialistic-lachrymose school of which we have already spoken, we may single out M. Deschamps, who shows considerable pathos of a cheap and easily obtained order in dealing with such attractive subjects as "Froid et Faim" and "Folle!" proving also his technical power by the skill with which he manipulates the lugubrious greys, buffs, whites, and blacks to which he designedly confines his palette. A franker and truer, if a more brutal, realist is M. Béraud, who, in "La Salle des Filles au Dépôt," delineates with an unflinching truth which spares us no detail a scene more than usually unsavoury. Were it not that the cynicism of the representation is tempered with an element of pity suggested by the very degradation so ruthlessly unveiled, the subject chosen would lie entirely outside the domain of art. The lighting of the picture is, as we should expect from this painter, admirably skilful.

Some of the finest work is, as usual, to be found among the portraits, by which alone several of the greatest masters are this year represented. M. Jules Lefebvre, the stylist *par excellence*, has never painted better than in the consummate "Portrait de Mme. L. G.," an imposing lady of middle age, robed in dark-blue satin. The head is drawn and modelled with a breadth and yet with a searching precision which are marvellous, and suggest in some ways the finest Florentine work of the fifteenth century; while the idiosyncrasy of the sitter, a perfect type of the dignified and somewhat repellent "grande dame," is forcibly yet discreetly brought out. It is said that to the master in respect of this work the "Médaille d'honneur" has been allotted. This, if true, is excellent news; for of late years in conferring the supreme distinction it has been too much the fashion to take into consideration, not so much surpassing merit of style and workmanship, as size, importance, and the commanding or amusing nature of the subject chosen. A second portrait contributed by M. Lefebvre is the full-length of a young and exquisite blonde, whose beautiful features are modelled with a purity and skill belonging almost more properly to sculpture than to painting. M. Bonnat's chief contribution, in its way a masterpiece, is the portrait of M. Pasteur with his grand-daughter. The great discoverer stands facing the spectator, firm as a rock, displaying a physique suggestive of immense energy; he rests one hand on the fair locks of the little child. The contrast thus obtained, just because it is natural and not unduly emphasized, is singularly pathetic; the execution is M. Bonnat's own—that is to say, unerring in its rugged strength, and conceding little to grace or coloristic harmony. The same savant in his laboratory is the subject of an able, if less distinctive, work by M. Edelfelt. The great painter-sculptor M. Paul Dubois is somewhat less happy than usual in the two portraits which he sends. That contributed by M. Elie-Delaunay, which places before us a lady of serious, absorbed mien, wearing appropriately sombre garments, is only rivalled by the already described works of M. Lefebvre in its combination of reticence in the delineation with supreme style, and with that rare quality of intuition which enables the painter to lay bare the individuality of the model. The one work of this class contributed by that eccentric luminary of the most modern French art, M. Besnard, though entitled a portrait, must rank rather as a study or exercise, in which the human figure is merely the pretext. It shows a lady in evening dress, under the partial illumination of a concentrated artificial light. The painter, in his very efforts to avoid all that is conventional, and to stamp with his own individuality new aspects of well-known phenomena, falls into the opposite extreme, and brings forth what is more strange, more fanciful, more thoroughly unreal than anything that a classic or an idealist has ever produced. The "Portrait de Mme. D.," by M. Duez, another *chercheur* of the most approved modern type, is simply a daring but thoroughly unsuccessful study in reds of every hue and texture. The face of the model, forced up to suit the exigencies of the scheme of colour, is that of a painted doll, and the problem itself is not worked out with complete success. The *tour de force* was far more thoroughly and more agreeably accomplished a few years ago by the late M. Cot in the portrait of a child, called "L'Enfant rouge." If the great French school of landscape, which during the last thirty years has reigned supreme, has almost ceased to exist, or rather, like the rest of French art, has undergone a complete metamorphosis, it would yet be unfair to deny that the aim of the more modern schools is a serious and a comprehensible one. They seek, above all things, to simulate light and air; to attain in their skies a sense of vastness, in their far-stretching forests and plains a suggestion of the unconfined freedom of nature; they care less than their predecessors to realize her away over the emotions, or to stamp unmistakably on their work the impress of their own individuality. Of the elder generation M. Harpignies almost alone remains, and he is seen to somewhat less advantage than usual. Of his austere and pathetic style perhaps the best specimen is the work of a pupil, M. Lelièvre, who sends an important and majestic "Sur la levée de la Loire." M. Pointelin continues to harp on the same string, to produce the same sombre harmonies of penetrating sadness from his usual materials—horizontal bands of the darkest verdure contrasted with the potent, steely grey of an overcast sky. One of the most remarkable pages from nature in the exhibition is "Le Calme," by M. Louis Auguin. The painter has dared to present on a large

scale an uninterrupted expanse of calm northern sea, canopied by a sky of an even, tender grey, and bounded in the foreground by ridges of sand. Not an object of any kind—bird, boat, or man—is to be seen, and yet the impression conveyed is not one of emptiness, but of absolute, yet not desolate, solitude. The enjoyment afforded by the picture would be complete were it not that we cannot quite divest ourselves of the idea that a *tour de force* has been performed. Very remarkable, too, are the contributions of M. Japy, especially a vast prospect of coast and bay from which the sea has half retreated, entitled, "Dans la Baie du Mont St. Michel."

If the sculpture is this year considerably below the usual level of interest and technical excellence, it is not that there is to be noted any decadence of style or want of enthusiasm, but that, of the great shining lights in whom France glories, some have contributed works of inferior importance, while others are altogether unrepresented. M. Paul Dubois shows, in the plaster, an equestrian statue of the "Connétable Anne de Montmorency," destined for the park of Chantilly. This, like everything produced by the great master, is full of unaffected dignity, grave and noble in conception, and revealing on a close examination many beauties; but it is, both in its actual dimensions and in style and execution, too small for a work of this class, destined, as it is, to be seen in the open air, and the decorative aspect of which should therefore be the first consideration. The same master's bust of M. Charles Gounod is a work of supreme character and beauty, entitled to rank with his famous portrait of Paul Baudry. M. Dalou sends only two "maquettes" for the great monument to be erected to the memory of Victor Hugo. Of these the complete model shows a magnificent triumphal arch overshadowing the sculptured sarcophagus of the poet, which is placed, not parallel, but at right angles to it; many and various statues and groups, some destined for niches in the monument, some as "acroteria" to its crowning cornice, are indicated rather than worked out. The whole has in its tumultuous splendour almost a flavour of the Berninesque, and conveys the impression of a temporary structure, in which it is open to the constructor to indulge in the most daring flights of fancy, far more than it suggests a monument designed to last for all time. Who shall say, however, that M. Dalou has taken an erroneous view of the work confided to him, or that he has not designedly sought to adapt his ideas to what he considers the exigencies of the subject? M. Falguère is represented by "Bacchantes," M. Chapu by another of the decorative figures destined for Chantilly, and M. Delaplanche has "La Danse"; none of them works sufficiently distinctive to add to the great reputation of these master-sculptors. M. Mercie, in the group consisting of life-size figures of King Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie, and destined to adorn their tomb, has struggled in vain with the difficulties of the costume and the subject; the "roi bourgeois" has vanquished him, and he has hardly taken his revenge in the effigy of the aged Queen. Remarkable rather for the originality of the conception than the perfection of the modelling is M. Charlier's "Semeur du Mal," a nude figure casting vipers abroad with the pose and gesture of the sower. The sculptor has been remarkably successful in expressing the mood of concentrated malignity which is stamped, not only in the face, but, as it were, in every gnarled muscle of the demon.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

ONE of the most praiseworthy features of the present Exhibition is the abundant illustrative material in every department of natural products. It has been wisely determined that it is not enough to label exhibits, whether natural objects or industrial, and in every direction the visitor is assisted to realize the local habitation and circumstance of production. Better than guides or catalogues that may be best studied elsewhere are the maps, paintings, photographs, models, and prints that may be consulted on all sides. The value of these pictorial aids can scarcely be exaggerated. A striking example is supplied by the admirable models of the Kimberley Committee in the mineral exhibits of the Cape. The specimens of diamonds in the rough, of geological sections and mining apparatus, naturally provoke curiosity, and curiosity is amply gratified by the large model of the great Bultfontein mine in Griqualand West. Here the general aspect of the scene is excellently revealed, showing the various claims of the different owners, the method of working, and the ingenious system of hauling, with its aerial railways ascending in all directions by many gradients to the surrounding heights. This and the neighbouring mines employ over ten thousand persons, and the mimic presentment of the vast excavations affords a graphic illustration of the rapid growth of the Diamond Fields since 1868. These models are supplemented by excellent maps and sectional drawings. Of equal illustrative value are the models of famous gold nuggets in the Victoria Court, and the comprehensive series of photographs and drawings of Australian forest scenery, sheep-runs, farm-stations, and vineyards, which give fresh significance to the imposing show of wools and fleeces, eucalyptus oil, polished woods, and wine. In the same category a high place must be given to the life-size models of natives, illustrating the ethnology of India, grouped most effectively in the Economic court of India; to Mr. Rowland Ward's trophies of the chase, especially to the realistic view of an Indian forest, with its wild beasts, birds, and reptiles, presented with wonderful truth of habitat and character. These scenic accessories are not less instructive than impressive.

In the Australian courts they form some of the most suggestive sights in the show. It is strangely stimulating to contemplate the wealth and resources symbolized by the Victoria exhibition, after an inspection of the model of an aboriginal hut, with its two occupants squatting before a wood fire, and nothing but the primeval bush around them. It is hard to realize that the site of Melbourne, less than fifty years since, knew no other kind of human habitation than this wretched hut—a mere coping of rough wood, so primitive and mean that the New Zealander's *whare* is palatial compared with it. The force and piquancy of illustration could scarcely be more incisive. Not many yards from this counterfeit of untutored nature there are hung on the walls of the Victoria and New South Wales courts several photographs of the city of Melbourne as it now exists, and the radiant panorama of Sydney, with its magnificent harbour. The imagination needs no other aid than this simple and eloquent contrast, in order to comprehend the story of the colonies, to grasp its import, to measure the courage and endurance, the faith and enterprise, that have wrought this astonishing evolution.

With the majority of people statistics fail to give very tangible ideas, however imposing the figures. The extraordinary advance of Victoria since the discovery of gold is probably less forcibly suggested by the bald record of production inscribed on the huge golden trophies than by the curious painting of Ballarat in 1851, contrasted with the view of the present city that hangs above it. That 80,000 gold-seekers poured into the colony in one year is, doubtless, a striking fact; but more notable, to the many who find no romance in figures, is the pictorial testimony that abounds in all the Australian courts. Old colonists who remember when Collins Street was not and Melbourne was in the bush—only some thirty years ago—may easily supply evidence still more surprising. Their reminiscences might well sound to the untravelled visitor a doubtful tale from fairyland, and appear even to themselves somewhat dream-like in the midst of the substantial show of the present. The past of Victoria is but of yesterday, however, when compared with that of New South Wales. There is nothing probably in the New South Wales section of profounder historical interest than Mr. Mackrell's relics of Captain Cook. Here, again, we have another strange juxtaposition of the past and present that must make the most thoughtless of sightseers pause in his butterfly progress. Immediately facing Mr. Mackrell's case, with its pathetic memorials more than a century old, are a number of maps, drawings, and other work executed by pupils in the public schools of New South Wales. Among these is a map of Australia, with the eastern coast studded thickly with names, forcibly recalling the nameless unexplored shore where the great navigator landed in 1770, and where Captain Arthur Phillip, seventeen years later, founded the first British settlement. In the collection of objects relating to Captain Cook and his voyages may be seen a miniature portrait of Rear-Admiral Smith, then serving under Cook, and supposed to have been the first Englishman who landed in Australia. Near this are divers interesting exhibits, among them a presentation copy of Boswell's work on Corsica, with a stately inscription to "Capt. James Cooke," and an old engraving of a portrait of Captain James Cook, F.R.S. With these is preserved an arrow with a curious legend attached which sets forth that the bone portion of the shaft was formed of a piece of Captain Cook's leg—a relic not less curious than disagreeable. Close by are some native works of art more pleasant and sufficiently curious.

There are a number of small landscapes of New South Wales scenery painted on eucalyptus leaves by one S. Eustace, "a shepherd." Like a large proportion of the more ambitious work of Australian painters, these ingenious essays possess more illustrative value than artistic merit.

HOME RULE IN THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

SIR GEORGE COX is well known as a scholar, and especially as an able and zealous exponent of Professor Max Müller's theory of sun-myths. He is not perhaps so well known as a divine, though he has written a *Life of St. Boniface*, but he has been for more than thirty years in orders, and has held for the last five years the valuable living of Scrayingham, bestowed on him by Mr. Gladstone. We turned therefore with some interest to the exposition contained in the *Contemporary Review* for June of his scheme for "the Expansion of the Church of England." The phrase might mean almost anything. It might signify an expansion of doctrine, or of geographical area, or of energy, or of missionary enterprise, or in short whatever the writer held to be the *unum necessarium* for the future influence and prosperity of the Church. Sir George Cox however hastens in his very first line to inform his readers that he moved at a recent meeting of the Church Reform Conference the following Resolution, which forms the text of his paper and indicates in outline pretty plainly the kind of "expansion" he desires. The proposal is a tolerably sweeping, not to say revolutionary, one, and it certainly loses nothing of its revolutionary character when it comes to be expounded in detail. It runs thus:—

That the only means by which the Church of England can vindicate her comprehensive name is by so widening her conditions of communion as to embrace "the whole Christian thought and life of the nation"; and that for this end the abolition of Subscription and the repeal of the Acts of Uniformity (provision being made at the same time for the adequate share

of the laity in the work of Church administration) are measures of primary, immediate, and indispensable importance.

Whether this Resolution was carried we are not told, but we presume not, as the writer inveighs rather sharply against the programme of the Church Reform Union as inadequate, chiefly, it would seem, because it contents itself for the present with demanding statutory parochial councils, and declines to press for the immediate abolition of all clerical subscription, and the repeal of the Act of Uniformity. To our mind, if we rightly apprehend the point at issue, the difference between the Reform Union and its critic, so far as any principle is concerned, is the difference of tweedledum and tweedledee; but, assuming their common principles, Sir George Cox appears to be the more consistent and straightforward of the two in his proposed method of enforcing them. But that is a little domestic quarrel they may be left to settle between themselves. Our present concern is with Sir G. Cox's scheme in itself, not with the minute shades of difference in policy between him and Mr. Bosworth Smith. His object is to comprehend within the Church of England "all who profess and call themselves Christians," whether they have any right to the name or not—he specifically includes Socinians—"the whole Christian thought and life of the nation," and that, not "so far as may be possible"—which is a heresy of the Reform Union—but absolutely. On which one might be tempted to inquire in *limine* why not the whole religious thought and life of the nation, whether it chooses to call itself Christian or not? Why *e.g.* exclude Jews, who are hardly less orthodox than Unitarians, or Positivists, who have a Church and religion of their own, which is at all events a curious imitation or parody of Catholicism? Or is "Christian thought" merely a polite sobriquet for whatever professes to be religious thought of any kind? If so, it would have been better to say so. But on that preliminary question we shall not linger long. What is certain is, that until this inclusion of the whole Christian thought and life of the nation—whatever precisely that may mean—in the National Church is achieved, the great wrong dating from "the black day of St. Bartholomew," which witnessed the expulsion of some two thousand clergymen will not have been put right. Sir George conveniently forgets, as his Nonconformist friends invariably do, that the "clergymen" referred to were only "expelled" from preferments into which they had been unlawfully thrust not many years before, in a Church whose teaching and orders they had all along refused, and still peremptorily refused, to accept; he seems also to forget that, not 2,000 but 7,000 clergymen, qualified both by belief and ordination for the posts they held, had been illegally "expelled" by Cromwell to make room for the unordained intruders. Or rather perhaps he did not forget these peculiarities of "the black St. Bartholomew," though he omits to mention them; for they have, as will presently appear, a very direct bearing on his own argument.

We pass over a somewhat irrelevant record of the successive phases of opinion the late Dean Stanley and Mr. Maurice passed through on the question of Clerical Subscription, with one remark. Whatever may have been the excellences or defects of those two personages, either as men or as divines, they are about the two last men of any mark whose judgment on fundamental problems of ecclesiastical principle or policy would carry weight with any but their own immediate followers in the Church. To their influence however Sir George attributes the change made some years ago in the form of subscription, which, as he interprets it—we cannot stay to discuss that point now—reduces the existing "simple declaration of a general approval of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England" to little more than an idle formality. If so, why is he so angry with "the small residuum" and why does it render all plans of reform "impracticable"? The reply, as far as we can gather, is that even "these poor remnants of ancient intolerance, the modified subscription and the Act of Uniformity, prevent in 'strictness of speech' the establishment of 'the Kingdom of God in this land, as it has never been established thus far.'" And if we ask how it prevents that happy consummation, the answer is plain and startling enough, though it is enveloped in a circumambient haze of declamatory verbiage, which has "little meaning, though the words are strong"; "atrocious system," "the most merciless, loathsome, revolting despotism," "most abject timidity," "horrible and godless theory," "dark and deadly fear," "bitter and venomous controversies," charges "false" and "disingenuous," "irrational indignation"—these are only some among the flowers of rhetoric, depicting the past or present condition of the Established Church, wherewith the writer has seen fit to garnish his fiercely polemical *Eirenicon*. But let that pass. The grand result to be attained may be defined as an application *mutatis mutandis* to the Church of England and the Nonconformist sects of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme in its—we are to say "remodelled" or "reconstructed" form, i.e. with the Irish members retained at Westminster. The members and ministers of every Dissenting sect which "calls itself Christian" are to have, as such—Sir George Cox's "as such" has a magical force hardly less than the famous "*distingendum*" of Pascal's Jesuit casuist—a full share in the government, privileges, offices, and emoluments of the National Church, while "Churchmen, as such"—which can only mean Churchmen who have not the happiness of also belonging to a sect, for all will be "Churchmen" in the new national pantheon—"will, it is obvious, have no voice and no right" to interfere with the government of the sects. In short "Churchmen, as such," in the ecclesiastical Happy Family of the future, will be in a position

exactly parallel to that of Englishmen, as such, under the Home Rule scheme. They will have no more right to interfere with the government of the sects than the English will have to interfere with the government of Ireland, but the sectaries, like the Irish, will have full right and power to interfere with their government. Nor is this all. Nonconformists, as we have seen, will not only share in the government of the National Church—henceforth become in "strictness of speech, the kingdom of God"—but in its offices and emoluments. Dissenting ministers will become again, like their expelled predecessors of "the black St. Bartholomew," eligible to rectories, and even to *bishoprics*; and that without—the writer is very explicit on that point—being expected to abandon or modify in any way their distinctive beliefs or practices—which would be "to bring back the worst evils of the age which produced the Uniformity Acts"—and therefore of course without any need for undergoing episcopal ordination, which to them would be a ceremony at once idle and profane.

A very brief comment on this marvellous scheme will suffice, but it may probably have struck our readers as so very marvellous, not to say "grotesquely ludicrous"—to borrow its author's estimate of the objections of those who disagree with him—that we feel bound, if only in self-defence, to prove that we have not misrepresented his meaning. He tells us then expressly that, when Subscription and Acts of Uniformity are got rid of, "the rights of patrons would not be interfered with," as is the case now; "they would have the power of nominating (to benefices) those who are now known as Nonconformists." And again, not only could the Anglican clergy invite Nonconformist ministers to occupy their pulpits, but "the latter would become eligible for any preferment in the Church of England"—of course without any fresh ordination, for on that condition they are eligible already; a great many Wesleyan ministers, *e.g.*, ordained by the late Bishop of Lincoln, are now officiating in that diocese. And equally of course these Nonconformist vicars and rectors might use whatever form of service they pleased in their parish churches, while they might also if they liked—but that they can do now—use the Anglican Prayer-book in their separate chapels, "which would henceforth be regarded, and, if they pleased, registered, as places of worship of the National Church."

Sir Edward Strachey has insisted most rightly (*Spectator*, March 6) that "religious liberty has been extended, not by merging distinctive creeds and rituals in some new and comprehensive form, but by finding some common ground of action without requiring such merging." It is unnecessary for Sir E. Strachey to remind us of the patent fact that "the Baptists, the Wesleyans, and the Congregationalists are as little willing as are Anglican churchmen to give up their several and separate dogmatic beliefs and forms of worship." The removal of the existing limitations would not require any of them to give up either, while it would secure to all of them every privilege and every right now confined to Anglican churchmen. The attempt to reduce their several dogmatic beliefs to some one new and comprehensive form would be an attempt to bring back the worst evils of the age which produced the Uniformity Acts.

Under this sweetly reasonable arrangement—in which "Churchmen, as such," do all the giving and Dissenters all the taking—"the bitter and venomous controversies of centuries would shrink to nothing." Would they? Let us suppose the parish of Little Pendleton in the hands of a Ritualist incumbent, while the neighbouring rectory of Slocumbe-in-the-Mire is occupied by the Rev. Ezekiel Howler of the Particular Baptist persuasion, who has replaced the venerable font in the parish church—an obviously useless and offensive appendage during his incumbency—by a large tank for adult immersions, and the vicar of the next adjoining parish is a "Free Christian Minister," who discusses from the pulpit with lofty impartiality the relative merits of pantheistic, theistic, and Agnostic phases of faith; for, mark you, "Free Christians"—there are three different sects of that name in England—manifestly "profess and call themselves Christians," and must therefore be included in the bargain. And there would in common consistency be nothing to prevent a Roman Catholic patron—for why should *his* "rights be interfered with"?—from offering a fourth adjacent living to a priest of his own Church, and certainly nothing to prevent the priest, with the sanction of his bishop, from accepting it; a very little internal re-arrangement in most cases would adapt the church perfectly for the celebration of mass, and there are parishes—in Lancashire, for instance—where half the population is Roman Catholic. Does Sir George Cox imagine that "a more real and solid unity" than at present would reign among these four clerical neighbours and their respective flocks? We trow not.

To sum up, it is rather too much to call upon the Church of England to reorganize its entire constitution and begin *ab ovo*—and, begging the writer's pardon, his proposal involves nothing short of this—on the basis of an occult and hitherto undiscovered type of Christianity, which first flashed on the internal consciousness of an erratic Dean towards the close of the nineteenth century, and even by him has been but "dimly expressed."

LANDSCAPE AT THE EXHIBITIONS.

WE have left for this week any detailed mention of those landscape-painters who seek before all things to render faithfully the impression made upon them by the general aspect of scenes, and who disbelieve that any studio convention can equal in force and subtlety the actual way in which things are exhibited by light and air, or that any arbitrary harmony of

colours, however beautiful, can be as affecting and significant as that produced by a logical interpretation of the atmospheric fusion of tints under natural illumination. They have been reproached with learning a mere trick of manner and colour from the French, and with habitually choosing commonplace subjects and ordinary effects of weather. Now, though they may have been inspired by the French, as the French in 1825 caught up our adaptations of still earlier Dutch and Flemish traditions, the best and most sincere among these young artists adopt no ready-made convention, but are gaining method and power by an earnest and unaffected attempt to understand and organize their own individual impressions of nature. As regards their disdain of scenic beauty, it must be remembered that they are in a transition stage, a stage of protest against literary aims and anecdotic interest in painting; that, moreover, their work possesses in its sanity and broad repose a beauty which is far less the outcome of any trick in manner and colour than is the show scenery of the schools that deal in clever devices and bright false colour.

Yet, putting aside for the moment plenty of pictures full of natural, subtle, and unconventional poetry, we may notice several which distinctly appeal to accepted ideas of what is romantic. Such, for instance, is Mr. J. S. Hill's "Leigh" (Academy, 994), a picture which, in spite of its tender colour and great refinement, perhaps even because of them, is too remotely derived from nature, and too obviously the result of a principle of poetic and decorative treatment. Mr. F. W. Loring's "Evening, Capri" (Academy, 780), though neither so fervid nor so powerful, has a touch of classic grace combined with a fair dose of realism. Mr. T. B. W. Forster's "Where the Wood Ends the Rocks Begin" (Academy, 414) is a still better example of the use of that broad realistic basis which Millet, Corot, and painters of their sort thought it advisable to give to their imaginative view of nature. Mr. T. Hamilton's effect of moonlight on snowy mountains (Academy, 779) is none the less romantic because the general tone of the scene is startlingly real, and the drawing careful and precise. Mr. F. Cotman's "At the Lock" (Academy, 22) is on quite another convention than any of these. His large composition recalls Constable in its noble but set arrangement; nevertheless, it must be admitted that he has regarded nature for himself as far as observation of sky and effect of wind are concerned. Though these works and some few others are thus avowedly romantic, it does not follow that there is not as high, or perhaps a higher, imaginative effort in many other pictures which have been composed on ordinary subjects and without any parade of sentiment.

Mr. G. F. Munn's "On the Kennet" (496) is in some respects the best landscape in the Academy. Though the subject is excessively simple, it has been treated with more true dignity and breadth than appear in any other picture. Had the foreground been simpler and more in keeping with the sky and the rest of the picture, Mr. Munn's work had been without doubt the chief example of a solid and serious style in the exhibition. There are many who approach this strong but unaffected manner; some of them, indeed, have less regard for style and more for matter, and others reverse this estimation. But though this school, in some or all of its phases, from Dutch accuracy to "impressionisme," is sure to rule the future, we need not expect to find true aerial landscape hung as yet in good places at either of the chief galleries. The Grosvenor might be expected to do more for really refined art; and we should have thought that, were it only for the glory of seeing their own pictures in company perhaps too good for them, the managers would have secured a good line. Really Sir Coutts Lindsay and Mr. Halle, if they do not wish to be left alone among a crowd of fellow-amateurs, cheered only by the presence of a few businesslike and cynical Academicians, had better treat serious art with more discernment and respect than they have hitherto done. It is useless to say more than we have said already of the hot and unnatural, or laboured and mechanical, pictures that crowd the line; we prefer to pass on to some of the good work which is, as a rule, higher up. Mr. MacLachlan's "Along a Quiet Shore" (123), and more particularly "Daybreak" (62), although somewhat feebly realized both in form and colour, show, with just enough sense of truth to make them passable, that feeling and sentiment which is so often denied to the followers of the modern schools. The much more powerful and realistic poetry of Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Shrimpers" (143) and "The Washing Place" (177) it was simply absurd to hang where it is. Work of such rare refinement in colour, and so full of delicate and aerial subtleties of tone, should have been seen in the place of certain glaring atrocities which would have gained by distance and the neighbourhood of that ferocious autumnal painter, Mr. W. S. Jay. Mr. Maurice Pollock is as high as he could be got, which is a pity, as his work, "Mount St. Michael" (199), in addition to the interest attaching to it from the originality of its style, is a broad and atmospheric treatment of an agreeable subject. Mr. Snell's exquisitely true and silvery rendering of a winter wood, "In Chancery" (38), fares little better; and the superb modelling and thoroughly characteristic drawing of oxen in Mr. A. Lemon's one picture (191) are shown to great disadvantage. This is the more to be deplored as Mr. Lemon's work is by no means lucky at the Academy this year. In his "Threshing with Horses" (Academy, 967), one can just see and recognize the spirited drawing of the animals and their perfectly natural adjustment to the effect of the landscape. Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Evening" (Academy, 16) is almost out of sight; it is really absurd to hang a quiet, sober, and harmonious transcript of nature far above fireworks of colour which could be

seen at the top of a cathedral. It should be borne in mind, however, by visitors to galleries, that, besides obtaining momentary attention on these distractingly gaudy walls, pictures have the more enduring function of providing unconscious pleasure to the eye in the habitual quiet of ordinary living rooms. Mr. Percy Belgrave sends two or three strongly-painted canvases, quiet in tone and full of natural sentiment; "April Showers" (Academy, 1) and "On Dartmoor" (Academy, 954) are perhaps his best contributions. He, Messrs. E. Nichol, W. L. Picknell, H. Wilkinson, E. S. Calvert, Alfred East, have all much of Mr. G. F. Munn's broad and sure vision, simple and unfettered style, and sober and aerially harmonious colouring. Mr. Picknell is perhaps the strongest, the most rudely solid, the least elegant, and the least inclined to subtlety or poetry. His "Dreary Waste of Sand and Shore" (Academy, 729) is, however, grand and imposing by reason of its rugged force and strong, low-toned sobriety of colour. Mr. W. T. Laidlay, in his "Full of the Evening and Sad" (Academy, 8), attempts more sentiment, but is somewhat drier in colour and less exactly true in effect—as, for instance, in the tone of his citron moon—than some of the before-named painters. Mr. Leopold Rivers, an artist of similar instincts, has succeeded admirably in giving a sense of air and envelopment throughout the long stretch of plain in his soberly-grey picture "Spring-time" (Academy, 494). Mr. Parton, as he goes in for a marked and affected handling in preference to close search of tone, is scarcely as sincere as most of this school; "Lingering Light" (Grosvenor, 141), however, is, with the exception of a too great equality in force among the darks, a picture at once elegantly brushed and beautifully and truthfully coloured. Mr. Alfred Parsons, who strikes a somewhat similar balance in the relative attention he bestows on elegance of handling and truth of tone and colour, is somewhat hard and tinny this year in the quality of his colour and atmosphere. Amongst other painters who add accomplished execution to the merit of a large comprehension of nature, we may mention Mr. Lavery, Mr. Todd, Miss Bertha Newcombe, Mr. Yeend King, and Mr. R. W. Rouse. Mr. J. Aumonier's "June" (Academy, 1108), but for some spottiness in the lights on the left, is a sincere and able study of that difficult subject, beech woods in sunlight. It is almost useless to mention "September Morning" (Academy, 1064), M. V. Binet's careful and complete study for his bold and striking picture in last year's Salon, as it is hung so high as to be almost invisible. Mr. F. W. Baker's "Clovelly" (Academy, 824), Mr. Lucas's "Farmhouse" (Grosvenor, 246), and Mr. W. Parkinson's "January" (Academy, 1082) are singularly quiet and trustworthy studies of nature, and only lack a little style and accomplishment to enter a higher category of art.

Some admirable little gems—among the best and most artistic things in the Academy—are to be found in the Ninth Gallery, the old water-colour room. Mr. C. Eyles's "Sketch in Suffolk" (828), a very simple, broad, and atmospheric canvas, reminds one of Constable's largest manner, and presents a harmonious ensemble of subtle colour which one would never tire of examining. Mr. Sidney Starr's "Finchley Road" (811), a real London evening; Mr. T. R. Way's quaint little "Shops in an Old Quarter of Paris" (852), and Mr. R. Toovey's street scene, "The Nimble Penny" (885), are all, in their ways, works of a summary and impressionistic sort. Mr. R. G. Somerset's "In the Lagoon, Venice" (867), Mr. A. G. Bell's exquisite and pearly "Fairies of the Bay" (906), Mr. A. Lemon's soberly realistic "New Forest Marsh" (914), Mr. Trythall Rowe's "Showery Weather" (934), like many others, are all schemes of natural "values," carried out in tender colour, and handled with easy and elegant freedom.

Of still life Mr. Lessore's "Oysters" (Academy, 814) and Mr. H. Macbeth-Raeburn's "Azalea" (Academy, 925) are the most striking. The first, in its sober truthfulness and its solid and thorough style of painting, to some extent recalls the work of Chardin; the second recommends itself by a wealth of most lovely natural colour, and a free and personal method of workmanship.

Very conspicuous among the water-colours, for their astonishing breadth of view and vigour of handling, are Mr. A. Melville's street scenes in Bombay (1209 and 1218). Messrs. Jules Lessore, A. E. Brockbank, Clem Lambert, and Charles Maundrel send powerful and sincere work; and it is impossible to pass over, though for very different reasons, Miss Kate M. Whitley's "Minerals and Fossils" (1264). Nothing more wonderfully conscientious than this perfect rendering of minute detail and iridescent local colour can be well imagined; and yet it gives no irritating sense of petty and misplaced labour.

Before leaving the Academy one feels bound to note that its most objectionable tendency, all things considered, is false, glaring, and inharmonious colouring. Unfortunately it is a fault from which strong and experienced painters, with a sense of the picturesque in composition, do not seem to be entirely free; yet such colour is utterly uncalled for in any picture, whether purely decorative or completely realistic. In the former case the artist is only bound to make a beautiful result; and it is nothing but the wish to advertise loudly on exhibition walls that prevents him from falling into the sober gradations of an almost monochromatic key when he is conscious that he has no natural command over bright colour. As for the realist, we have already said that, in following nature largely, and in studying the methods of light and air rather than the precise hue of local tints, he is safe not to become offensive.

ITALIAN OPERA.

IT may sound paradoxical to say that Mme. Patti and Mme. Nilsson, who have done so much to popularize Italian opera, have done still more to destroy it. This, however, is an established fact. These two most accomplished ladies have been of late years the incarnation of what is known as the "star system." Their reputation has grown season by season, and managers have been called upon to make great sacrifices to secure their services. The result has been that, considering the demands they made—and made most reasonably from their point of view if they could ensure compliance—there was no possibility of collecting an adequate company, and at the same time engaging a "star." Mme. Patti, in particular, became the fashion; a "Patti night" grew to be a current phrase, and on "Patti nights" the house was thronged, partly by those who appreciated her wonderful vocalization, partly by those who fancied that they did so, to some extent by others who wished it to be assumed that they were discriminating amateurs, and finally by the large class which went because other people were there. The theatre was crowded, though when the several hundred guineas which fell to the share of the *prima donna* had been withdrawn, the receipts were swallowed up. And, moreover, on "off nights"—that is to say, on nights when Mme. Patti did not sing—the attendance was small. There was, in truth, too often not much to attract, and those who said they would wait till a "Patti night" had some justification. Her vocal skill can scarcely be overrated, though some of her performances are open to adverse criticism. Still, even when she appeared as Valentina in *Les Huguenots*, as Selika in *L'Africaine*, and in other characters where her histrionic shortcomings were manifest, her superb vocal method counted for very much. The absurdity culminated last year when Mr. Mapleson engaged Mme. Patti and surrounded her by a company whose efforts were intolerable; and this season Covent Garden is opened by a manager who has foregone the luxury of a *prima donna* at all a performance, and has endeavoured to collect a number of accomplished vocalists able to present opera in adequate fashion.

Whether there may prove to be as good fish in the sea as have been caught, whether the events of May 14, 1861, will be repeated and another Adelina Patti will arise, are points which remain to be seen. We are not particularly sanguine for the reason that the Italian school of singing does not flourish as it did; the old thoroughness, pains, and patience seem to be wanting; nevertheless, Signor Lago, the new *impresario*, has begun very well indeed on what may be called the anti-star system. The artists whom he has gathered together are able to carry out the intention of composers, to present opera acceptably, sometimes to charm, by exhibitions of sensibility, and occasionally even to astonish by displays of power. We have never been apprehensive as to the fate of Italian opera, by which we mean opera in Italian; for in the *répertoire* of the "Royal Italian Opera" many of the most popular works are, of course, by German and French composers. In all opera there must be inconsistencies and incongruities, and we shall not pretend for a moment to assert that many of the best-known Italian operas do not fall far short of reasonable requirements. We have advanced since the time of Donizetti as Donizetti retrograded from the art of Gluck; but melody excuses much, valuable as dramatic music, as music dramatically appropriate and eloquent, must always be. Intolerance is the leading characteristic of the modern school—a school with decreasing disciples. Because we admire the wood scene of *Siegfried* we are not to slight or underestimate the power of *Guillaume Tell*, the beauty of *Faust*, or to agree with the complaint of a silly and rabid Wagnerian that Mozart erred because Cherubino and Susanna having begun their duet, "fate, in the shape of the Count with his hammer and drawn sword, has to wait at the door till tonic and dominant have had their due." That tonic and dominant should be so considered is part of the essential incongruity which has been admitted—an incongruity, however, not a whit more glaring than many which might be named in the late Herr Wagner's works.

On the subjects of opera and of operatic singers there is much to be said, and we have strayed from a consideration of the matter immediately in hand—the opening of the season under Signor Lago's direction. To begin with the *soprani*, Mme. Albani, who is held to come near the stars, has played M. Gounod's Margherita in a style so familiar to opera-goers that it is only necessary to note how fresh and sweet her voice continues to be, and what a pity it is that she is not content to demonstrate this fortunate circumstance in a legitimate way. Her reply to Faust, "No, signor," was exaggerated to a ludicrous extent for purposes of vocal display. The remembrance of Mlle. Tietjens lingers, and those who essay her best-known parts suffer by comparison, though the "dramatic soprano," as the term goes, is rare, and the best must be made of her. Mme. de Cepeda, who played Lucrezia Borgia on the first night of the season, has merit, but of no special kind. We mean to imply that in operatic business which few singers are able to attempt she attains fairly satisfactory results; but Mlle. Tietjens is remembered to be regretted. Much the same must be said of Mlle. Elena Teodorini, who was the Valentina in Thursday's performance of *Les Huguenots*. Here is a vocalist whose fine natural powers have been assiduously cultivated, who has an aptitude for the lyric stage and shows the results of careful study and experience. No less than this can justly be said of Mlle. Teodorini, yet she does not succeed in moving or impressing. What is the mysterious quality which does

thrill us when a great artist is on the boards? It is perceptible but undefinable—a species of electric sympathy which we feel but cannot explain. Why is it that when, in the duet with Marcello, the Valentina utters the passage, "Ah! l'ingrato," &c., we sometimes merely recognise that it is well sung, sometimes forget this—it is not the prominent thought—and become sensible of the wrong that has been done and of the tragedy which is impending? Personal charm, often so potent, is ineffectual thus to sway; it is the touch of dramatic genius that is felt. Another *débutante*, Miss Ella Russell, is, however, above the standard of those who come with qualifications for the duties they undertake, win applause, and disappear. Miss Russell has a pleasant voice of exceptional compass—the E flat in alt. she gives out sweetly and resonantly. When it is said that the lady deserved the applause she won for her rendering of what is commonly known as the "Mad Scene" in *Lucia* it will be understood that she has remarkable fluency and precision. There is a faint, but perceptible, distinction between singing with ease and with a complete absence of any effort. Miss Russell sings easily, but melody does not issue from her lips as it does from the lips of Mme. Patti. The shake and the ascending-scale passages may likewise be improved, though we must not be understood as implying that her shake is bad. It is a shake close and even, not the tremulous note alternated with an unequal saw between two tones which sometimes is put forward to do duty for this embellishment. The scales, again, are not wanting in accuracy, are not, in fact, quite wanting in any respect, but might be sung with more of that utterly effortless beauty which is one great charm in the very few *prime donne* of the absolute first rank. The Queen's florid music in *Les Huguenots* is a high test of excellence: Miss Russell passed it with success. The earnestness and feeling which the young lady displays give hopes for the future of one whose natural means are so considerable. Mlle. Lubatovi, a mezzo-soprano to whom contralto parts have been allotted, has not shown the requisite qualifications for acceptance. Her vocal means are inadequate. A new baritone, Signor d'Andrade—as regards affiches we follow the managerial announcements, for Signor d'Andrade does not appear to be Italian—will win his way to favour if he can avoid a distressing habit of singing sorely out of tune at times. This grievous lapse is not, however, habitual with him. His Rigoletto was thoroughly well done, and he made an excellent Nevers; but, for some reason not easily explained, in the notably vocal music of *Valentino* his intonation was often false. Of popular artists who have already won reputation in London, Signor—it should be Señor, but again we adopt the reading of the bill—Gayarré is the chief. Till the coming tenor appears—that marvellous singer who is to replace, not only the actual Mario, but the ideal Mario, whose perfections have grown on the public fancy ever since he retired—we are happy to welcome Signor Gayarré. The restless striving for effect which formerly induced him to deliver half a bar *piano* and the other half *fortissimo* is most happily no longer heard. He now sings *cantabile* movements sweetly and smoothly—with delightful sweetness and smoothness in fact. His voice, a very charming one when he does it justice, is far more under control than it was, though he is still apt at times, happily not often, to employ such an amount of misdirected vigour that the line where singing ends and shouting begins is very nearly approached, if not actually passed. In *forte* passages there is a certain indefiniteness about his utterance of notes which detracts from his value as a vocalist. His tones are not clear and true beyond question; they seem to merge a little either towards flatness or sharpness—to swell out, as it were, beyond their just limits. This is doubtless a result of forcing the voice. It cannot be said that Signor Gayarré is apt to sing out of tune; decidedly he is not, and yet he sometimes provokes a fear that when the orchestra plays the chord he will be found not absolutely true. For the presence of such a singer, nevertheless, audiences have cause to be grateful. His excellences far outweigh his shortcomings. He bears himself with ease and dignity; the exhibition of passion and of tenderness is within his resources, for he is so well practised, gifted, and expert a singer, so sure of his effects, that he can devote himself to the dramatic representation of a character with none of that anxiety about the music which causes the inferior performer to feel apprehensive—a sentiment which invariably extends itself with painful force to the audience. There are in the present company a few of those animated operatic instruments that fill their part on the stage without discredit, delivering their music soundly enough as an instrument might be made to deliver it, and performing movements with a mechanical regularity which does duty for acting. It must also be specially noted, however, that Mme. Scalchi reappeared in the *Huguenots* on Thursday; her presence ensures as perfect a rendering of contralto parts as the modern stage affords. The orchestra, conducted by Signor Bevignani, has done its work competently. Signor Bevignani has taste and judgment, and knows how to make the intimation of his wishes observed. The chorus is not what it might be, but it is better than it has been in past times. We must not conclude without expressing satisfaction at the fact that the pantomimic change of scene at the end of the first act of *Faust*—an absurdity against which we have so often protested—has been wisely abandoned.

THE PROJECTED CONVERSION OF THE RUSSIAN DEBT.

THE capitalists of Berlin are said to be about to attempt a financial feat a parallel to which we are unable to recollect. It is nothing less than the conversion into bonds bearing a lower rate of interest of part of the debt of a State that is practically bankrupt. Conversions are frequently effected. The very words "Consols" and "New and Reduced Threes" remind us that our own National Debt at one time bore higher rates of interest. And most other States have in their time effected reductions in the interest they owe their creditors. The most recent successful example of a conversion on a great scale is afforded by the United States. The American Government during the great Civil War was compelled to borrow immense sums at high rates of interest. When the war came to an end; when the South settled down peacefully; when the people proved that they were ready to bear heavy taxation for the sake of meeting their pecuniary obligations; when each year resulted in large surpluses that were employed in redemption of debt; and when wealth and population grew at an unprecedentedly rapid rate, the credit of the United States Government naturally rose high. The Government properly took advantage of this to reduce the rate of interest on its debt. It converted a part of it into bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest; another part into bonds bearing $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; another into 4 per cent. bonds; and finally another into 3 per cent. bonds. This was a conversion based upon thoroughly sound principles, and justified by a great success. But the condition of the Russian Empire is in almost every respect the direct opposite to that of the United States. As soon as the Civil War was over, the United States Government disbanded its great army and set itself resolutely to the redemption of its debt. The Russian Government, on the contrary, maintains the largest army in the world, which it is constantly increasing, and it is adding at an alarmingly rapid rate to its debt. The report of the Comptroller-General of the Empire for the year 1884, the latest that has yet been published, shows that the charge for the Russian Debt in 1875 amounted to 10,688,291*l.*, valuing the rouble at two shillings; while at the end of 1884 the charge for the debt had risen to 20,987,528*l.*, an increase in nine years of 96.35 per cent. In other words, the charge for the debt was practically doubled in nine years. In 1885 there was a further addition to the debt, and now there is an announcement of another large loan. Even if it stood alone, this reckless borrowing would forbid any improvement in Russian credit. Were the money borrowed employed on purely productive works, it would still inspire distrust in all careful investors. They would say that the doubling of the debt of a great State in nine years was a reckless mortgaging of the future of the country, and was sure to end in disaster. Unfortunately but a very small part of the debt is employed productively. The great bulk of it has been wasted upon war and military purposes. Even now our own debt is the second greatest in the world; and, if we leave out of account the Sinking Fund, which is not a charge for debt, but a repayment of debt, it will be found that at the present time the charge for our own debt is not heavier than the charge for the Russian Debt. The resources of the United Kingdom are beyond all comparison greater than the resources of Russia. It would be strange indeed, therefore, if a Government which is recklessly running into debt at this mad rate thereby improved its credit so much that its creditors were ready to accept from it one-fifth less interest than they have a right to insist upon. Even upon the ground alone, then, of the recent addition to the debt, it seems incredible that the proposed conversion can succeed. But there is another and a much stronger reason why we disbelieve in the success of the proposed conversion.

Ever since the war with Turkey the Russian Government has been adding tax upon tax, or making additions to old taxes. Practically, however, there is no material increase in the revenue. If one item grows another falls off; and, therefore, it may be said without exaggeration that the limit of productive taxation is nearly reached for the present. On the other hand, the expenditure is growing year by year. In the year 1882 the Czar got frightened at the various unsuccessful attempts that had been made to borrow in Western Europe, and made an earnest personal effort to reduce expenses, which for the moment was successful. With the exception of that year, however, every one of the ten years ended with December 1884 shows a considerable increase in the ordinary expenditure—that is to say, leaving out of account the extraordinary expenditure, which was very large, the ordinary current expenditure increased year by year. In 1884 the increase was a million and a half sterling, in 1883 2½ millions sterling, in 1880 3,396,000*l.*, and in 1881 as much as 4,850,000*l.* And that all efforts to keep down this expenditure have proved unavailing is shown by the fact that the Budget estimates are always exceeded. The supplementary estimates in 1885 augmented the Budget estimates by $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in 1882 by 5 per cent., in 1881 by 6½ per cent., and in 1880 by 8½ per cent. We then have these facts staring us in the face—that the revenue is practically stationary; that the expenditure is increasing rapidly year by year; that every effort of the Comptroller and of the Czar to keep down outlay is defeated; and, lastly, that in ten years the charge for the debt is doubled. This latter fact, under conceivable circumstances, might not seem so grave as it really is. There are cases in which a Government may go on borrowing year by year, and yet may be in no serious danger of

early bankruptcy. It finds some great financial house or syndicate to take charge of its finances. If it cannot meet the interest upon its debt punctually, this house or syndicate advances the sums necessary; and after an interval of a year or two, when the money market is favourable, a loan is brought out and the advances are thus funded. This may be done for a considerable length of time, though it is a very reckless form of financial mismanagement, provided always that the proportion borne by the charge of the debt to the whole income is not inconveniently large. But in the case of Russia the proportion is inconveniently large. A great syndicate of capitalists in Berlin has taken under its protection the Russian finances and finds money for the Russian Government whenever it is in difficulties. The syndicate has succeeded so far; and, as long as peace is preserved and the Berlin money market is undisturbed, it may succeed even beyond general expectation. But it is to be borne in mind that at the end of the current year the charge for the Russian Debt will not much fall short of 23 millions sterling. It amounted at the end of 1884, in round figures, to 21 millions sterling, and the borrowing since has been large, while a great loan is about to be issued. Now the whole revenue of the Russian Empire in 1884 was only 70½ millions sterling. Therefore, the charge for the debt is not far short of one-third of the whole revenue of Russia. If Russia were to be involved in a great war, it is quite clear that its credit in Western Europe would be destroyed. For example, had the dispute about the Afghan frontier last year resulted in hostilities, it is manifest that it would be impossible for the Russian Government to borrow anywhere outside its own territories upon a very large scale. Then there would be no alternative but for the Berlin capitalists to find the means of paying the interest upon the Russian Debt or of allowing Russia to become bankrupt. But what chance is there that the capitalists of Berlin could, under those circumstances, find for any length of time 22 or 23 millions sterling a year for such a purpose? It is clear, therefore, that unless the Berlin capitalists can exercise such control over the Russian Government as will prevent it whenever they please from engaging in a war, Russia may be unable to pay the interest upon its debt, and the Berlin capitalists may be obliged to allow it to become bankrupt.

One other fact, as illustrating the impossibility of Russia going on in its present course and yet meeting its financial obligations, may be cited. The charge for the debt in 1884, as we have pointed out, amounted, in round figures, to 21 millions sterling, and the ordinary expenditure on the army and navy added to this make a total of, in round figures, 44½ millions sterling. A portion of the army and navy expenditure every year is entered under the head of extraordinary expenditure. Therefore the real army and navy outlay is greater than here stated. But, accepting the figures as they are put by the Comptroller-General of the Empire, we find that the charge of the debt, the army, and the navy amount in round figures to 44½ millions sterling, to be defrayed out of a total income of 70½ millions sterling. Practically, that is, debt, army, and navy swallow up between them two-thirds of the total revenue of the Russian Empire. For all other purposes—civil administration, public works, education, Church, Imperial Court, and the like—only one-third of the revenue is available. It is not to be wondered at that in so backward a country as Russia in this state of things there should be perennial deficits, and that debt should continually be piled upon debt. On the other hand, it is clear that such an administration of the finances cannot go on for long. There must be an end in some way or other. And, as the Government is resolved not to neglect the army or the navy—is, indeed, increasing every year the outlay upon these—the charge for the debt must continue to grow, and, therefore, the day on which it will no longer be able to meet that charge is drawing nearer and nearer. It is extraordinary that in such a state of things, and with the danger of war so great on every frontier, the Berlin capitalists should dream of attempting to reduce the interest upon the Russian Debt. They have got so deep in the speculation that probably they see no other means of extricating themselves from the risk in which they are involved. If they can persuade the world that the credit of Russia is so good that it ought to be able to borrow at 4 per cent., they may succeed in inducing unwary investors to buy the bonds from themselves. And, if they do, it will matter little to them when the final crash comes. The syndicate is very powerful and very skilful. It has managed so well that it has raised the prices of Russian bonds almost to par; and it has kept them there so long that it is said investors throughout Germany have bought very largely, in the confident belief that the great capitalists of Berlin must understand the intricacies of Russian finance, and would not involve themselves therein if they were not persuaded that they were safe in doing so. It is rumoured that the extent to which German investors have for some time past been buying Russian bonds has at length alarmed Prince Bismarck, and that he now has set his face against the projected conversion; but at the same time it is stated that he is not prepared to go the length of forbidding it. We may leave to the German Government and to German investors the task of protecting themselves. But we hope that the English public will not be deluded into any participation in this dangerous game in which the capitalists of Berlin have engaged. The unsoundness of Russian finance is well understood in this country; but there are many amongst us who are fascinated by the success with which the Berlin capitalists have carried on their

operations so long, and who are tempted to hope that, if they engage in the speculation, they may make some money with very little risk. They would do well, however, to bear in mind that the very skill which has fascinated them is likely to be too much for them. The object of the Berlin capitalists is to transfer to others the converted bonds; and if English investors or English speculators, therefore, buy these bonds, they are very likely to be left to take care of them. It seems to us incredible that the conversion can succeed; but it is quite possible that the Berlin capitalists, for the sake of an ultimate success, may, even at some pecuniary loss, exchange the bonds of one single loan for new bonds bearing a lower rate of interest. In so doing they would hope to convince the rest of the world that conversion could not be avoided. It will be a very dangerous game. At any moment war may break out between Russia and Austria-Hungary, or between Russia and Turkey, or between Russia and Afghanistan, or between Russia and China; and if once such a war breaks out, there is no knowing how it may spread. In that case there would be a ruinous fall in the prices of all classes of Russian bonds, the conversion operation would be brought to a close, and there would probably be a great crash upon the Berlin Bourse. This being the probable result of conversion, we would strongly advise our readers to leave the risk to the capitalists and speculators who have started the game.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

THUS far the programmes of the Richter Concerts have not much differed from those of former seasons, and the sort of criticism which has been lavished on them has differed not at all. We have heard the usual complaint that Dr. Richter gives us too much Wagner and not enough of several other composers, and the old cry has been raised that his concerts lack novelty. In the first place, we would say that we should not mind seeing a less prominent place assigned to Wagner in his programmes were there any other conductor in England who could be relied on to give a thoroughly competent rendering of his works; and, in the second place, we may point out that the reception accorded by the British musical public to works with which they are not familiar can scarcely be deemed encouraging.

To take only one instance, we can hardly suppose that any artist could have felt in sympathy with or upheld by his public on encountering the tepid current of puzzled indifference that flowed through last Monday's audience at the conclusion of a most artistic and thorough interpretation of the love-scene and scherzo of the *Romeo and Juliet* of Berlioz. Neither was the reception accorded to the same composer's "Frances Juges" Overture of a more reassuring character. On the other hand, the lovers of the good old British order of things musical who do not willingly suffer that the breath of life should come nigh them have every reason to be well content with Dr. Richter's choice of a pianist at his last concert, whereat Mr. Hallé produced an effect by his playing of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat (No. 5) as cold as a stucco monument seen through thin rain. It is impossible in speaking of this concert not to pay an ample tribute to conductor and orchestra for their magnificent interpretation of the "Eroica," which has probably never been heard anywhere to greater advantage. Among the various orchestral works which are new to the English public, indubitably the most important that has been recently brought forward is Brahms's Fourth Symphony, given by Dr. Richter at the second concert of this season. The first movement, despite the great difficulties which it presents, takes a strong hold on the listener's attention; and though, to our thinking, it is rather recondite than beautiful, it has many of the alluring qualities that belong pre-eminently to Brahms among living composers. The second movement displays great beauty, especially in its gentle termination, while the Rondo which replaces the usual Scherzo and the concluding movement seem to us far beyond anything that their composer has hitherto produced. Of the choruses and incidental music composed by Mr. Villiers Stanford for the *Eumenides* we have nothing new to say beyond stating that a second hearing has fully confirmed us in the opinion we expressed on a former occasion. No amount of cleverness of orchestration can compensate for poverty of invention—a remark which in a less degree applies to M. d'Albert, whose new Symphony, most carefully presented by Dr. Richter, has left no impression on us beyond one of weariness. Why Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" should have been afforded a place in Dr. Richter's programmes it is not easy to see; but, as it was to be played, it should at any rate have met with very different treatment from that which it obtained at his hands at the fourth concert, when it was played in a fashion little short of disgraceful. This is the more to be regretted as Dr. Richter has in the instance of almost every other work presented by him this season shown a degree of power, subtlety, and fire casting his previous performance as a conductor into the shade. Among the remaining portions of his programme we may call attention to his noble interpretation of the Seventh and Ninth Symphonies of Beethoven, of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," and in particular to a rendering of the "Trauermarsch" from the *Götterdämmerung*, which can only be described as a revelation of the perfection that can be attained by a conductor of genius when he has a fine orchestra to deal with.

RACING AT EPSOM.

THE wet day which preceded the Epsom Meeting was not encouraging; but it laid the dust, and on the Tuesday the course was in beautiful order. There was a field of eighteen for the Egmont Plate, and Mallow, who carried the highest weight, was selected as favourite. The race, however, ended in a remarkably fine finish between Ordovix, Cissy, Redskin, and Chatter, the first named winning by a neck, while heads only separated the other three. It will be remembered that Ordovix, who is trained privately, after having gone through a course of ten unbroken defeats, had astonished everybody last spring by beating a field of nineteen for the Crawford Handicap of 1,000*l.* at Newmarket, a race for which he started at 50 to 1. Since then he had run no less than eleven times unsuccessfully; so he now started at 25 to 1, and his victory, which was an unpleasant surprise to backers, proved a gold-mine to the Ring, as he had scarcely been backed at all. The Woodcote Stakes brought out a poor field, and the half-dozen starters did not please the critics; but it must not be forgotten that as a rule the two-year-olds are very backward this year in consequence of the severe weather in the spring. The winner was The Baron, by Xenophon out of Tantrum, by Lord Lyon. It was his second race and his second victory. Looking through the list of winners of the Woodcote Stakes, we have to go back a long way before we find anything that afterwards turned out a thoroughly good three-year-old. The Baron is in the Derby, so he has an opportunity of breaking the spell. He started first favourite for the Woodcote Stakes, therefore backers had no reason to complain of him. Many of them, unfortunately, had to refund—"to bring it back again" is, we believe, the technical term—in the Chetwynd Plate, for which they laid the foolish odds of 6 to 1 on Bessie, who was giving 13 *lbs.* to each of her opponents, and was beaten by a neck. Intruder, a filly by Isonomy, won the race, after running in a most ungainly fashion. Taken as a whole, it was a poor day's racing.

We dealt with the Derby last week. The other racing on a Derby day is seldom worth looking at, but this year was an exception. Exning had been in such form lately that odds were laid on him for the Riddlesdown Plate, the first race of the day; but, after making the running for a quarter of a mile, he ran very badly, and the race lay between Prudence and Maxima, the former winning by a neck. Cannon rode the winner for Baron de Rothschild, and he was successful again on his own filly, Thespia, by Touchet, for the Juvenile Plate. This filly, being out of Hesperia, is nominally half-bred, but she ran very well, beating Gervas by a head, and Warble, on whom odds had been laid, by four lengths. Lord Zetland bought her after the race for 490 guineas. The Stanley Stakes for two-year-olds, which followed, produced a tremendous race between Freshwater, by Beaudesert, and Dartmoor, by Skylark, ending in a dead heat. Intruder, the winner of the Chetwynd Plate on the previous evening, ran third, and Alarm, who had won the rather valuable Westminster Stakes at the Spring Meeting, was among the unplaced division. In the last race of the day, the High-Weight Handicap, Ripon, Criterion, and Baldur, three outsiders that each started at 10 to 1 or more, came in in the above order, Ripon winning by a neck. With the exception of the Derby and the Town Plate, backers had a very bad day of it; but the weather was lovely, and there was no dust.

Heavy rain fell during the night which followed the Derby, but there was a beautiful day again on the Thursday. Old Despair, one of the fastest horses in training, won the first race, although odds had been laid on his opponent. He tried hard to "cut it"; but he was set going again at the finish, and won by three lengths. O. Loates rode him, and he deserves great credit for his skill in inducing the cur to win a race. The horse had lost fourteen races in succession before this victory, nor had he won a single race for more than a year and a half. The Epsom Grand Prize, of 2,877*l.*, brought out a field of eleven, including three—St. Mirin, Button Park, and Chelsea—that had run in the Derby. For that race they had finished third, fourth, and fifth, within half a length of each other. The first favourite was Lord Alington's bay colt Candlemas, by Hermit out of Fusee, by Marsyas, and consequently an own brother to St. Blaise. He had never run in public before; but the public must have known something about him, or they would not have laid 6 to 5 on him against the field. Silver, who had lost every race for which he ever ran, was the second favourite. Candlemas took the lead on entering the straight, and was challenged by Sir Hamo at the distance, from which point the race became a match, and a very hard-fought one too. Opposite the Grand Stand, Wood succeeded in getting Sir Hamo's head in advance of Candlemas's; but G. Barrett persuaded Candlemas to make another effort and win a splendid race by a neck. Judging from Sir Hamo's running both this year and last, Candlemas's victory was by no means brilliant; on the other hand, according to *The Racing Calendar* Sir Hamo ought not to have beaten St. Mirin, Button Park, or Chelsea. Perhaps this trio may have been tired after their efforts the day before in the Derby; if not, Sir Hamo must have improved about a stone since he ran in the Payne Stakes. If Sir Hamo had not run so well, Candlemas might have become second favourite for the St. Leger, judging from his form with St. Mirin, Button Park, and Chelsea, who finished in the same order as in the Derby, which looked as if their running was true. The Royal Stakes was won by an outsider, in Kinsky, who started at 12 to 1; and an even greater outsider still won the Horton Stakes, the jockey in both instances being

Lashmar. For the last-named race, Bagpipe, the winner of the Ashstead Plate on the Tuesday, and Archer's mount, was the favourite, but he ran third, the race being won by Fleta, by Wenlock, who ran fourteen times last year without winning a race.

The Oaks was an interesting race this year. The form shown by Philosophy, a filly by Hermit out of Alone's dam, had been wonderful up to a certain point last season. With the single exception of a defeat by Gay Hermit, when excuses were made for her (and with reason, as she beat him twice afterwards), she continued her victorious career from May to August, winning 6,514*l*. On the 2nd of September she failed to give the large allowance of 17 lbs. to Cataract, whom she had already distanced at even weights, and on the 15th of September she was unplaced to Mintage for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. After that race she did not appear in public again until she ran for the Oaks. Critics agreed that she was a very fine filly; but she was nervous and fretful. It was said that one of her hocks had been treated for curb, and that she did not look as well as a three-year-old as she had done as a two-year-old. There was, however, a report that she had been sent on a visit, for stud purposes, to Skylark. She became third favourite for the Oaks, at 5 to 1. Another filly that could show high credentials last year was Braw Lass, by See-Saw out of Princess Louise Victoria, who would have ranked above every other filly of her year if she had only run for the Middle Park Plate, when her form had been almost as good as that of Mintage and Saraband. She had, however, run very indifferently on several occasions; nor had she improved her reputation this season by running only sixth to Grey Friars for the Craven Stakes, for which she started first favourite. Yet many people made excuses for her in that race, in which she was said to have hit her leg, and she started second favourite for the Oaks at 4 to 1. The best filly form of this year had been shown by Miss Jummy, a filly by Petrarch out of Lady Portland. Although she had won races last year, she had been beaten whenever she had run in good company; but this season she had won both the races for which she had started—the Riddlesworth Stakes and the One Thousand. In the former she had beaten Oberon, and in the latter she had given very decisive beatings to Modwena and Sunrise, fillies that had shown form of a high class last season. Her beautiful shoulders and lengthy frame were much admired, and it was generally acknowledged that she had improved wonderfully since last autumn. She started first favourite, at 11 to 10. Argo Navis, by New Holland, had only appeared in public once last year, when she ran second to Miss Jummy, and her single performance this year had been an exact repetition of this form, as she again ran second to Miss Jummy for the One Thousand; accordingly there seemed no reason for expecting that she would be able to beat Miss Jummy for the Oaks, and 25 to 1 was laid against her. Cataract, by Hampton out of Corrie, had run sixth for the One Thousand, and Camelot, by Cremorne out of Lynette, had never run in public. On her last year's form, Modwena would probably have been second favourite, but her wretched performance in the race for the One Thousand seemed to show that she was not in form this season.

Philosophy was fractious at the post, but she was the first off, and had gained a good deal of ground when Archer steadied her, and allowed Storm Light and Altiora, who acted as running-makers, to take the lead. The race was run at a very slow pace, and it was only at the distance that Miss Jummy, followed by Braw Lass and Philosophy, passed Storm Light, who had been in front throughout the greater part of the race. Then Argo Navis, who had lost much ground by being knocked out of her stride by another filly after entering the straight, came with a rush, but it was too late, and the Duke of Hamilton's Miss Jummy, ridden by Watts, won easily by half a length. Prince Soltykoff's Argo Navis, ridden by Cannon, was a length in front of Braw Lass, who was only a head in advance of Cataract, while Philosophy was but a neck behind Cataract, with Modwena in close attendance. It was a pretty race, for the five leading fillies were within two or three lengths of each other. Nevertheless, Miss Jummy won without much difficulty.

It was generally considered that when Intruder beat Bessie by a neck on the Tuesday, it had not been a true-run race, so, as Bessie was now to have 3 lbs. less to carry, odds of 2 to 1 were laid on her for the Two-Year-Old Plate, which she won in a canter. The Glasgow Plate was won by the extreme outsider Recluse, a three-year-old colt by Trappist, against whom 20 to 1 was laid. He was receiving the enormous allowance of 3 st. 5 lbs., or 36 lbs. more than weight for age, from Pearl Diver. As much as 25 to 1 was laid against the winner of the next race, the Mickleham Stakes for two-year-olds, which was won by High-caste, a filly by Highborn. But there was something worse to follow, for backers laid 7 to 1 on Bird of Freedom for the Cup, which was won by Radius. Giles made such running with this horse that Archer could never catch him again with the favourite. The Acorn Stakes was won by Petulance, a filly by Peter, whose stock appear able to gallop. She had won the only other race for which she had run. As far as weather was concerned it was a horrible day, and the mud was beyond description. Taken as a whole, the week's racing was good and interesting.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA.

THE opening of the English opera season with the *Marriage of Figaro* at Drury Lane, on Monday, recalls the circumstance of Mr. Carl Rosa's first venture in London, eleven years since. After varied experiences in America and in the provinces, the same opera was given at the Princess's with a representative company that included Mr. Santley, Mme. Rose Hersee, and Miss Josephine Yorke. There was nothing, apparently, in the condition of English music to encourage the most sanguine and enterprising manager. There was even a little cold corrective in the continued prosperity of the Italian opera. With this, however, Mr. Carl Rosa did not, at the outset, compete, being content to open in the dead autumnal season. Nevertheless, the astonishing success that has followed the enterprise has abundantly justified what then appeared to many a hopeless experiment. But Mr. Rosa had tested the public taste elsewhere. He appealed to the public against a system whose suicidal tendency he discerned long before most of the critics began to prophesy the end. Against the inartistic presentment, the slovenly equipment, the absurd incongruities, natural to the system that obtained in the Italian opera, he set up the ideal of perfect, all-embracing ensemble. He determined that the leading singers should receive adequate support, that the chorus equally with the most insignificant solo parts should be efficient in all that makes for ensemble, and that the mise-en-scène should partake of this completeness of representation. It was in agreement with this scheme that he determined also to introduce novelties on their intrinsic merits, and not permit the caprice of the most indispensable prima donna to triumph over the claims of art. To this principle Mr. Carl Rosa has been consistently faithful. Most of the new works he has presented have been conspicuous successes, and all have merited a hearing. It is unnecessary to indicate the happy results of this wise policy. Everybody may recall how, almost at the outset of the enterprise, the early operas of Wagner were produced. The admirable rendering of *The Flying Dutchman* will be in the recollection of every one, while the subsequent presentments of *Rienzi*, of *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser* stimulated with emulation the Covent Garden stage. But it is with the encouragement of English opera—not with these memorable examples of opera in English—that we are most concerned. When Mr. Carl Rosa opened the Princess's, English opera might almost be considered dead. It had fluctuated, indeed, between spasmodic vitality and imminent extinction ever since Arnold transformed the Lyceum into an English opera-house. The practice of giving English versions of Italian opera has also been attended with prosperity at sundry times, as in the brilliant season at Drury Lane when Malibran sang in English. But these were exceptional manifestations of activity. Apart from its influence on the Italian opera, the chief interest of Mr. Carl Rosa's enterprise lies in the remarkable stimulus it gave to English composers, as exhibited in the production of Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*, Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* and *Nadeshda*, and other works, and the representation of these operas abroad. This is, in truth, the strangest and most significant fruit of Mr. Carl Rosa's policy and encouragement. Not many years ago the notion that English operas could be given on the Continent would have been stigmatized as the excess of folly. Then we looked to Italy chiefly for our opera; now it seems likely we shall supply that country, if we accept the views of an eminent critic of modern Italian opera. If Signor Filippi found cause for despondency in the multitude of new works annually produced in Milan and elsewhere while Ponchielli was yet alive, matters have scarcely improved since the lamented death of that composer. Yet, with the fastidious genius of Boito employed in the thankless task of libretto-making, it seems we have the solitary consolation of awaiting that long-expected work of Verdi which has given rise to so much conjecture.

For the opening nights of the season Mr. Carl Rosa relied on the never-failing attractions of *Faust*, *Carmen*, and other works that have acquired popularity wherever the lyric drama finds a home. M. Massenet's *Manon*, which was given on Tuesday, is still something of a novelty, though it already ranks among the choicest examples of opera comique. The interpretation of the *Marriage of Figaro* on Monday was capable and sound on the whole, though the cast was by no means equal in experience or gifts to that of the memorable first night at the Princess's. The reception of the opera, however, justified the manager's confidence in the undying fascination of Mozart's masterpiece. The spirit of comedy did not animate all the members of the company alike. Mr. Barrington Foote seemed ill at ease as Figaro, singing with obvious effort, and acting as if volition and nature were subjected to an invincible automatic tyranny. The Almaviva was even less acceptable. Mr. Sauvage's rendering of this part was a graceless perversion of Mozart's delightful creation—for such, despite its prototype, the musical conception deserves to be considered. Mr. Sauvage, by an unfortunate tendency to farce and persistent deficiency in refinement, quite missed the finer touches of comedy and the characteristic subtleties of the music. The Cherubino of Miss Marian Burton sufficed to show the singer's marked improvement in vocalization and acting, though her rendering of "Voi che sapete" revealed small range of expression, and was altogether cold and a trifle formal. Mme. Georgina Burns, as the Countess, and Mme. Gaylord, as Susanna, once more approved themselves artists in all that is involved in accomplished vocalization and intelligent impersonation. The Don Basilio of Mr. Charles

Lyall was a delightful performance, and Mr. Aynsley Cook's skill and experience were fully revealed in his Dr. Bartolo. The chorus, always efficient, gave admirable proofs of the precision and discipline due to excellent training. The orchestra, under Mr. Carl Rosa's conduct, executed the dainty accompaniments in excellent style, though not entirely free from the tendency to noise that is common to most large orchestras when interpreting the older musical classics.

Since its production at the Opéra Comique in January 1884 M. Maassenet's *Manon* has continued to grow in favour. In England its success was placed beyond doubt by Mme. Marie Roze's charming impersonation of the heroine at Liverpool, one year after its production in Paris. On all subsequent occasions, including the Drury Lane performance last year, the opera has been received with enthusiasm. Nor is this surprising; for there are not many works of genius in the long list of French opéras comiques, and *Manon* is emphatically a work of genius. Tuesday's performance at Drury Lane afforded altogether a most striking illustration of the merits of Mr. Carl Rosa's system. Every one concerned in the representation shared in the harmonious ensemble. The stage-management—always judicious, never trivial or over-ingenious—reflects the highest credit on Mr. Augustus Harris. The life and movement of the first scene at Amiens were realized with remarkable truth and spontaneity; while the grouping of the gamblers in the picturesque scene of the fourth act was a triumph of pictorial realism. The effect in this scene was the more surprising because the right predominance of the principal actors was preserved, while the movements of the brilliant crowd of card-players were suggested in the most natural and unrestrained manner. In the first act Mme. Marie Roze sang the music allotted to the ingenious Manon with delightful piquancy, and in the duet with Des Grieux expressed with rare subtlety the helpless surrender of her passion. Very charming also was the resigned pathos of the beautiful air, "Alas! Manon, again thou art dreaming." The mingled coquetry and remorse of Manon previous to the seizure of Des Grieux by De Bretigny and his friends was also suggested with excellent art. Complete success attended Mme. Marie Roze in the sparkling and vivacious music of the third act and in the impassioned duet with Des Grieux with which the opera closes. Mr. Barton McGuckin, in his old part of Des Grieux, sang in excellent style throughout, and with unusual tenderness and passion in the love duets. He was particularly admirable in the St. Sulpice scene, when struggling with the supplications of Manon. Mr. W. H. Burgon, as the elder Des Grieux—the typical operatic father—sang remarkably well. The Lescaut of Mr. Sauvage was a meritorious performance, in which we may note the capital rendering of the mock heroic song in the third act. Mr. Walter Clifford was the De Bretigny, Mr. Charles Lyall was a very droll and individual Guillot, while the quaint and lively music of Poussette, Pavotte, and Rosette was entrusted to Miss Presano, Miss Vadini, and Miss Marian Burton. Mr. Goossens conducted with his accustomed tact and sympathy.

On Wednesday *Faust* was given, with Mme. Georgina Burns as Marguerite, and Mr. Ben Davies as Faust. The interpretation was of average merit. Mme. Burns acquitted herself well in a part she has frequently performed and has adequately studied. Mr. Davies gave a thoroughly artistic rendering of the music in the garden-scene, to succeed in which is a test as exacting as any in opera. Miss Marian Burton's charming and refined singing, as Siebel, created something like enthusiasm. Mr. Barrington Foote was the Mephistopheles and Mr. Sauvage the Valentine. The parts of Wagner and Martha were undertaken by Mr. Campbell and Miss Walsh.

On Thursday was given *Carmen*, with Mme. Marie Roze as the heroine. Her *Carmen*—graceful, wild, impassioned, and thoroughly consistent—ranks with Mme. Trebelli's, and what higher praise can one give to it? Mr. Barton McGuckin was by no means at his best as Don José, and Mr. Crotty disappointed recollection in his giving of the Toreador song.

MR. POWNOLL WILLIAMS'S EXHIBITION.

THE disappointment felt last February by many lovers of water-colours when that month came to a close without the usual yearly exhibition of Mr. Pownoll Williams's drawings having taken place, was wiped out on Saturday, when Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket was opened with an exhibition of Mr. Williams's sketches. In the preface to his catalogue, Mr. Williams explains the blankness of last February by saying that he had been prevented by ill-health from going abroad last winter to complete his series of Riviera sketches. Since 1881 he has been at work almost exclusively at this series of "Riviera Illustrations," parts of which have been exhibited each year as they were completed. The continuation of these Southern sketches not having been possible last autumn and winter, many of the drawings in this exhibition are old friends; but also many are new, and though different in subject from the olives and cypresses of the sunny South, which Mr. Williams loves so well, the most recent productions show, as they should do, a decided advance in the painter's artistic manipulation. Mr. Williams says, in his preface, that he still intends "in days to come to wend my steps as far as Spezzia, the 'ultima Thule' of my Riviera 'wanderings,' and so complete the pleasant task at which I have laboured year by year with constant purpose; believing that a good idea is always better when carried out con-

sistently to its legitimate conclusion." And this hope may well be echoed by every one who has the opportunity of seeing his admirable sketches of the glorious old olive-trees which are the pride of the Cornice. Mr. Williams paints the olives as they really are; gnarled, twisted, distorted with roughened bark and misty foliage. Nothing could be more true to nature than "An Olive-tree on a Grey Day" (17), with a suggestion of light just touching the huge bole, against a background of faint grey distance; or "Olive-trees in Afternoon Light," grouped on the seashore, with level sunbeams glancing through the branches and illuminating the dancing blue waves beyond. The painting of the leaves of these olive-trees is worth the study of any amateur who has eyes that are capable of seeing. Other Southern growths also captured Mr. Williams's attention as well as the olives. In the exquisite little upright panel "Cypresses and Canes" (10) he gives us a tangled cane brake illuminated by an evening sky of liquid gold, against which two dark velvety cypresses are relieved with all that curious distinctness of outline without harshness which is one of the most characteristic effects in Southern lands. Some of Mr. Williams's sketches are conspicuous for their Turner-esque breadth of treatment, particularly in the "Venetian Sketch" (49), so full of colour, and the broadly simple "Sketch on the Riviera" (65), with the suggestions of great distance, and the slanting sunlight on the umbrella-pines.

But, successful as Mr. Williams is in his Southern landscapes, to our mind they are not to be compared to those he has done of English seas. The place of honour of the exhibition has, indeed, been rightly given to the last of Mr. Williams's works, a view of "Kynance Cove, in Cornwall" (33). This is simply a broad expanse of sea on an absolutely calm day, one of those blinding days in summer when it seems as if the sun itself could not be seen for the glare of intense white light everywhere. On such days the rocks hardly throw a shadow, they only intercept the intensity of light sufficiently to allow the luminous green of the water that surrounds them to be perceived. Mr. Williams has painted this picture with an absolute truthfulness to nature; looking at the picture across the room, one seems to be looking at the shimmering sea itself. Though the rest of his sea-pieces do not rise to the excellence of "Kynance Cove," they are all charming; and one of their best characteristics is the delightful breeziness of the water, notably in "A Northerly Breeze, Lago di Como" (42), "The Isle of Wight from Mudeford" (64), and "Golden Showers" (18). Altogether, Mr. McLean is to be congratulated on having got together so charming an exhibition.

AMERICAN PLAYERS IN LONDON.

IT often happens that the skill of a theatrical company is better exhibited in the performance of a bad play than of a good one. Sometimes a cunningly devised incident culminates by the mere entrance of a character; there are parts which, in theatrical parlance, "play themselves," and certain combinations of effective episode with parts of this nature sometimes result in the success of pieces which are very little assisted by histrionic capacity. The reverse of this is equally true. It occasionally happens that comedians so win over their audiences, impress them so thoroughly with a sense of the reality of the scenes enacted, that attention is attracted and amusement excited by episodes which are distinguished by very little adroitness. The farce by Herr von Schönthau, from which Mr. Augustin Daly borrowed *A Night Off*, has won long-continued success in Germany. We do not chance to have seen it, but are driven to infer that it must have been specially well acted. There is no freshness of characterization, little ingenuity of construction. The plot deals with the endeavours of an old University Professor to escape from his house, or rather from his wife, who rules the house, in order to be present at the performance of a tragedy he has written and confided to a travelling manager who is visiting the town in the course of an unremunerative tour. The henpecked husband and the severe wife are among the commonest of theatrical types, and the inevitable tale is told of them in *A Night Off*, except indeed that jealousy is no part of the motive. But what is here gained in comparative novelty is lost in strength. A staid old gentleman like the Professor could, we feel, have no difficulty in passing a few hours away from his home. There is little in the play, except the manoeuvring of the Professor to find an excuse for an absence during which he may visit the theatre, and there is not enough backbone here for the mainstay of a four-act farce. This is not to be disguised; nevertheless we must admit having joined heartily in the laughter which was continually provoked. The feebleness of the story is undeniable; that it diverts the audience is due to the quaintness and comic spirit with which the characters are presented and the incidents treated. The members of Mr. Daly's company are admirable, individually and collectively. They "field" with the utmost certainty and the neatest finish, backing up with unflinching dexterity, if in the midst of a busy cricket season the simile may be permitted, and, as aforesaid, they are all excellent players. The individuality of Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, acted by Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, is so strong that they are completely distinguished from their familiar prototypes. We seem to know much more of both these personages than we see on the stage, for it is a somewhat curious fact that when an actor has thoroughly mastered a part, and actually, as it were, lives in it, the appreciative spectator feels able

to tell what the character would do under varieties of given circumstances. Mrs. Gilbert makes her points with a very remarkable absence of effort; both she and Mr. Lewis are comic without the slightest apparent desire to be so, and this, of course, is one of the highest qualities of comedy. They seem to be merely comporting themselves naturally, with no attempt at acting, and there could not be a better proof than this of the assiduity with which they have laboured at the parts they fill. Miss Ada Rehan has a great reputation in the States, which she very likely merits. We have not been so much struck with her performances as some of the American critics seem to have been, and are not inclined to rank her with the pair just mentioned; but Miss Rehan certainly has a sense of fun and inherent humour, both of which she turns to useful theatrical purpose. Perhaps later on we shall see her in a character which will enable us to confirm the opinion of her admirers. Mr. Charles Leclercq plays with perhaps all the freshness that could be imparted to it the character of the manager of a travelling company. We have often met him on the stage, though he is not always so amusing as he becomes in the hands of his latest representative. Of Mr. John Drew and Miss Virginia Dreher good words must also be spoken. The actor is easy and unaffected, and he is asked to be no more; the lady is refined without being tame. Mr. William Gilbert well fills in the slight caricature of a recognizable sketch from life—the man who confides his private affairs to strangers and cannot understand that they are not much interested. The dialogue of Mr. Daly's adaptation is not remarkable for wit, but it is apposite.

The Gaiety Theatre is now occupied with an "American Eccentricity" called *Adonis*, for which as part author and busiest performer a Mr. H. E. Dixey is mainly responsible. An "American Eccentricity" might be described as the lowest possible form of theatrical entertainment, if it had any form and if it were entertaining. The compilation is said to have been widely popular in the United States. *Poscentes vario multum diversa palato*. It is the sorriest fooling. There seems to be a far-away notion of burlesquing Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and indeed what the American "authors" appear to intend for parodies of excerpts from the English humorist's other works are introduced. Some attempt is also made to burlesque old-fashioned and current melodrama. *Adonis*, the part represented by Mr. Dixey, is a statue carved by a girl; the marble is invested with life. *Adonis* sings, dances, "keeps store," dresses as a country maid in short petticoats, and imitates Mr. Irving. As for this imitation, questions of taste apart, we must confess that it is astonishingly good. The American player becomes a veritable facsimile of the English actor. To the eye and the ear the effect is equally striking; it is, in fact, quite impossible to carry mimicry beyond the line here reached. Mr. Dixey is a fairly good dancer and a poor singer; he assumes a variety of disguises with much rapidity and considerable completeness. Such cleverness as he displays—apart from the caricature of Mr. Irving—does little to relieve the tediousness or to mitigate the vulgarity of the composition. It would have betrayed a sad lack of propriety in the audience if they had omitted to hiss *Adonis*, but the omission was not made.

AUTONOMY.

(With apologies to Mr. Austin Dobson's "Autonoe.")

WHAT cries of "Time!" are these that thrum
Upon the ear's tormented drum?
The hour draws nigh with fateful tread
When Ay or No must needs be said.
A shadowy scheme that shirks the touch
Seems, on the whole, the thing for me;
And there's as little or so much
As suits you in "Autonomy."
Autonomy! Autonomy!
That handy word Autonomy.

If that should pass, how far we go
Is more than any one can know.
How far we go, if that should pass,
I see not in the future's glass.
But what of that, if thus be read
The Bill a second time, and we
Can bolster up a plan that's dead
With that grand word "Autonomy."
Autonomy! Autonomy!
Here goes then for Autonomy!

How sweet upon some village green
To try and show Hodge what we mean!
How sweet to watch his growing awe
In rising brow and falling jaw!
And in his reverential eyes
Perceive how comforting may be
The Mesopotamian charm that lies
In that blest word "Autonomy."
Autonomy! Autonomy!
Hey! presto! Pass, Autonomy!

But, quick! For ere the House divides
There's but just time for changing sides.

Quick! before some one intervenes,
And asks what Mesopotamia means.
Vote, ere he bids us to define
The thing on which we all agree.
You keep your secret and I mine;
Autonomy is—Autonomy.
Autonomy! Autonomy!
Autonomy's Autonomy.

REVIEWS.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL GRANT.*

THE second volume of General Grant's Memoirs is not inferior to the first. The interest of the work as it proceeds becomes rather historical than personal, except as far as the character of the writer is illustrated by his style. General Grant's great and unexpected literary ability is not less conspicuous as he acquires experience in writing. The lucid and vigorous narrative is seldom interrupted by comments or reflections. His notices of officers who served under his command are discriminating and sometimes quietly sarcastic, and there is occasionally an indication of suppressed humour. The first volume ends with the capture of Vicksburg in the autumn of 1863. Immediately afterwards General Grant was appointed to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which included all territory from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi River. The defeat of Bragg at Chattanooga, after a long series of operations, relieved the army of the Cumberland from imminent danger, and opened the way for an advance to Atlanta. General Grant was immediately afterwards summoned to Washington, to assume the chief command of the army of the United States. The grade of Lieutenant-General had previously been revived in his favour by Act of Congress. He at once determined on his plan of campaign for 1864. He undertook in person the advance upon Richmond, which was covered by Lee with the army of Northern Virginia; but, although he directed all important movements, he left General Meade in nominal command of the army of the Potomac, issuing all orders in his name. General Butler, stationed with a large force on the James River, was to threaten Richmond and Petersburg from the South. For the purpose of combining the movements of the two armies, and of securing an alternative basis on the coast, Grant determined, after some hesitation, to begin his advance on Lee's right flank. At the beginning of May he commenced his operations by crossing the Rapidan. In the following days he fought the battle or successive battles of the Wilderness, with heavy loss on both sides, and with the result that, at the close, "the two armies were relatively in the same condition to meet each other as when the river divided them. But the fact of having safely crossed was a victory." During the Virginia campaign, and indeed throughout the war, the troops, when they changed their position or halted for the night, at once proceeded to entrench themselves. As the Confederates adopted the same practice, attacks were for the most part made as movements round the flank of the enemy, and in Virginia the invading army almost always took the offensive. General Grant's minute account of his advance will be especially interesting to professional readers; but the general character of his strategy may easily be understood by civilians. During the early part of his campaign he received no assistance from Butler, who had occupied a strong position between the James and the Appomattox, with a line of entrenchments facing a similar line of the enemy's across the peninsula. General Barnard, Grant's chief engineer, explained to his chief that Butler was in a bottle, and that the enemy had corked it. General Grant inadvertently repeated the phrase in his official report; and, though he expresses regret for the accident, he evidently acknowledges the truth of the description.

In a despatch written on the 11th of May, a week after the beginning of the campaign, General Grant informed General Halleck, chief of the staff at Washington, that he had lost up to that time eleven general officers killed, wounded, and missing, and probably twenty thousand men. He thought that the loss of the enemy must be still greater, as he had himself taken over four thousand prisoners in battle in exchange for a few stragglers. It was in this despatch that Grant used a phrase which afterwards became famous. "I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." On the 12th of May he reported that "the eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers and over twenty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch." On the 26th of May he reported that "Lee's army is really whipped. . . . I may be mistaken, but I feel that our success over Lee's army is really assured." Grant fought it out, as he had resolved, on the same line, but the operation occupied much more than the whole summer. It was not till April 1865 that Lee made his final stand "in the last ditch." By that time the enormous superiority of the Northern resources had produced its natural result, and Lee was almost surrounded by two armies, of which either was more than as numerous as his own. It is due to General Grant to say that he is never boastful or arrogant, and that

* *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, 2 vols. Vol. II. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

he does full justice to the gallantry of the Confederates, though he perhaps scarcely appreciates as it deserved the skill of their chief commander. When he announced his determination to fight it out, if necessary, through the summer, he could not be certain that before the close of the war the Western army would have effected its almost unopposed advance through Georgia and the Carolinas to Virginia.

General Grant's account of Sherman's brilliant campaign in Tennessee and of his march to the sea is thoroughly cordial and sympathetic. He gives his ablest lieutenant full credit for the conception of the plan, which he had himself approved from the first. Grant's chief of the staff, General Halleck, "was very bitterly opposed to it, and, as I learned subsequently, finding that he could not move me, he appealed to the authorities at Washington to stop it." When Grant became Commander-in-chief, and determined to conduct the advance on Richmond in person, Sherman succeeded him in charge of the department of Mississippi; and it was arranged that he should move from Chattanooga on Atlanta with an army numbering on the whole a hundred thousand men. His advance began on the same day on which Grant crossed the Rapidan; and he proceeded to turn by flank marches a series of fortified positions which had been carefully provided by his adversary, General Joseph Johnston. In the middle of July Mr. Jefferson Davis transferred the command of the defending army from Johnston to Hood. In General Grant's opinion the change was a grave mistake. He thought that Johnston was right in keeping on the defensive, and avoiding decisive battles. "As Sherman advanced his army became spread out, until, if this had been continued, it would have been easy to destroy it in detail. I know that both Sherman and I were rejoiced when we heard of the change. Hood was unquestionably a brave, gallant soldier, and not destitute of ability; but, unfortunately, his policy was to fight the enemy wherever he saw him, without thinking much of the consequences of defeat." The political effect which might have been produced by Johnston's Fabian strategy was still more important than the military results. General Grant thought that the prolongation of the war for a year would probably have exhausted the North to such an extent that they might have agreed to a separation. In the North, he says, the people were absolute masters of the Government, while the Confederacy was, in his opinion, almost a despotism. As nearly the whole able-bodied population served in the Southern army, it seems strange that a doubt should be thrown on the voluntary character of the struggle. After a series of battles Sherman compelled Hood to evacuate Atlanta; and he then determined on the famous march to Savannah, which, as it happened, was a comparatively easy undertaking. He left in Tennessee a force, under General Thomas, sufficient to hold Hood in check; and his own army consisted of sixty thousand seasoned men. Every brigade furnished a company of foragers, who acquired remarkable skill in their vocation of systematic plunder. "They started out on foot in the morning, but scarcely one of them returned without being mounted on a horse or mule." Equal skill was exhibited in the repair of the railways which were broken up by the retreating enemy. A Confederate soldier was supposed to have said in answer to a proposal for blowing up a tunnel, that it would be of no use because old Sherman carried a set of spare tunnels with him, and he would immediately put one down. The Union soldiers also indulged in jokes which were occasionally rough. One of them told a lady, who implored him to spare a pet poodle, that his orders were to kill all bloodhounds. "But this is not a bloodhound," said the lady. "Well, madam, we cannot tell what it will grow to if we leave it behind," and he carried it away. General Grant did not believe that there was much unwarrantable pillaging, "considering that we were in the enemy's territory, and without any supplies except such as the country afforded." Pillage sufficient to supply all the wants of sixty thousand men must have left little margin for unwarrantable excess. It is certain that Sherman spread utter desolation over a wide track extending from Atlanta to the sea. His march left resentful memories behind, which are, perhaps, not yet extinct. It may be a question with moralists whether commanders of large armies are justified in relying wholly on the resources of the country which they traverse. Napoleon was much in the habit of supplying his armies by pillage of invaded territories; and his conduct has not been generally approved. It may be readily believed that the American soldiers were honourably distinguished by their general moderation in private plunder, and in their abstinence from wanton cruelty. According to the custom of the best troops, they were personally on good terms with the enemy's troops when sentries or pickets were posted within short distances of one another. When the war was at an end General Grant treated his vanquished opponent with delicate courtesy and he heartily sympathized with Mr. Lincoln's wish to obliterate as quickly as possible the traces of the war.

When the hostilities which had been suspended during the winter recommenced in the spring of 1865, Lee's position had become visibly hopeless. According to General Grant's estimate, Lee's daily loss by desertion alone was equivalent to an entire regiment, and two or three great armies were pressing close on the retreating force. Johnston, who had been restored to command, collected scattered troops from all quarters in the hope of relieving Lee, or of covering his retreat to some point in the interior; but Sherman or Sheridan would have been more than a match for Johnston; and Grant allowed Lee no respite from his close pur-

suit. His account of the final surrender at Appomattox Court House has a strong personal interest. No great historical event has been attempted with less ceremony or parade. General Grant records with some amusement his own shabby appearance in a soldier's blouse, with only his shoulder-straps to indicate his rank. He had not expected the interview to take place so early; but General Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and he wore a sword of considerable value. "In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form." General Grant's warmest admirers must admit that personal beauty was not his distinguishing peculiarity. The terms of surrender were, as is well known, simple and moderate. The officers were to retain their side-arms, their personal property, and their horses; and on Lee's suggestion that the privates owned their own horses, General Grant ordered the officers who received the paroles of the captured troops "to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or a mule take the animal to his home." The victorious army had commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns, but the Commander-in-Chief ordered it to be stopped. "The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall." On the next day when the two generals met again, some of Grant's staff asked permission from Lee to go inside his lines to visit their old army friends. "They had a very pleasant time with their old friends, and brought back some of them when they returned."

In the course of the narrative General Grant describes with acute discrimination the characters and the military qualities of the general officers under his command. Sherman and Sheridan are always mentioned with unqualified praise, and he places Meade on the same level, except on account of certain defects in his temper. Of the officers who had not held independent commands he seems to think Hancock the ablest. A few incurred his serious censure. Like almost all who were brought into contact with the President, Grant regarded him with respect and confidence. It happened that he and Mr. Lincoln had never met till Grant went to Washington to take up his commission as Lieutenant-General. He seems to have entertained, not without provocation, a feeling of dislike and distrust to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and to General Halleck, the chief of the staff at Washington. Both Stanton and Halleck had cautioned him against communicating his plans of campaign to the President, on the ground that he was so kind-hearted and so unwilling to refuse any request that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew. Mr. Lincoln proposed to Grant a plan of his own for placing the army on the Potomac between two tributary streams which would protect his flanks. "I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up." General Grant apparently appreciated the wisdom of the advice which he had received from the heads of the War Department, and he applied it not only to Mr. Lincoln, but to themselves. "I did not communicate my plans to the President, nor did I to the Secretary of War or to General Halleck." As he afterwards says, Mr. Lincoln was not timid, and he trusted his generals. The Secretary was very timid, and when the capital was threatened he could not refrain from interference with the defending army. "He could see our weakness, but he could not see that the enemy was in danger. The enemy would not have been in danger if Mr. Stanton had been in the field."

A notice within the present limits of an elaborate military history is necessarily inadequate and fragmentary. A study of the work itself produces a highly favourable impression of the ability, the foresight, and the patriotic uprightness of the autobiographer. A brilliantly successful career, which began and ended within four years, could not be more fitly recorded. The story fortunately ends before the date of his first or second presidency. Almost the only political enterprise mentioned in the memoir is the proposal for the annexation of San Domingo, which was defeated by the resistance of the Senate. It is certain that under General Grant's administration corruption became rank; and that some of his friends and connexions were implicated in questionable transactions. His countrymen, who have the best right to judge, have acquitted him of all complicity, though not of negligence and undue confidence in others. His memory will long be honoured on account of the inestimable services which he rendered to the Union; and he will also be known as one of the few great soldiers who have acquired a further distinction as historians of their own exploits.

FOUR NOVELS AND A STORY.*

THE author of *Hidden from the World* may be congratulated on having evolved about as detestable a cur by way of a villain as it ever entered even the heart of a lady novelist to conceive, which is saying a good deal. This detestable person is

* *Hidden from the World.* By A. J. Marks. London: Bevington & Co.

A Woman with a Secret. By Paul Cushing, Author of "Misogyny and the Maiden." London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Clarissa's Entangled Web. By Beatrice Bristowe, Author of "Unforgotten," "Windaway Hill," &c. London: Clarke & Co.

Helen Bury; or, the Errors of my Early Life. By Emma Jane Worboise. London: Clarke & Co.

His Love and her Love. "Good Stories Series." London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

provided with a pendant in the shape of a female fiend, whose rank (she is called indifferently the Lady Clara, Lady Clara Standridge, and Lady Standridge, *tout court*), wickedness, and ideas of love are alike bewildering and incorrect. May we venture to suggest, by the way, that most of the titles, and there are many, get somewhat mixed all the way through, and require revision by the help of Burke or Debreton? The hero of the book is a young Jewish gentleman, who, for anything his religion has to do with the story, might just as well be Turk, heretic, or infidel, or even orthodox Church of England. He is evidently intended for a *preux chevalier* of the most extreme type; but commonplace people might be apt to consider that a little more common sense and a somewhat stricter attention to veracity might have saved himself and all around him a good deal of bother and not have detracted much from his heroic character. As it is, it requires all the brutality of her dual *fiancé* to explain the attraction possessed by Mr. Cecil Fernandez for the heroine, a lovable if slightly idiotic young person. This young gentleman could, would, and should have married the heroine straight off but for a tremendous curse which he expects (wrongly as it happens) such a matrimonial venture will draw down on him from his parents, and of which curse he entertains a holy fear. As it is, he lets his lady-love marry the wicked duke, then wants to run away with her, gives it up, and, finally, the duke being disposed of, lives with her for several years in the rural retirement of Strawberry Hill, the world forgetting and of the world forgot, in spite of the efforts made by her people to discover her whereabouts, and the fact of her being married or not. This latter doubt naturally causes a certain amount of confusion and effectually prevents the course of true love, though really legalized by matrimony, from running too smooth. The rest of the characters are of the conventional pattern, excepting three noblemen, intended presumably as antidotes to the dual villain. These gentlemen are all heroes "of unnumbered battles" (time and place not specified), and they fight duels, or try to; horsewhip the duke; and generally "scuffle around" in a manner more suggestive of seventeenth-century mousquetaires than of ordinary nineteenth-century civilization blessed with the humanizing influence of gas and the City police. There is a fourth gentleman who turns up as *deus ex machina* at intervals, and is a quaint mixture of Japhet in Search of a Father and M. de Monte Cristo. He combines a good deal of promiscuous and rather questionable charity with the search for his family, and eventually disappears to Canada in the odour of sanctity and matrimony, when the good time comes for every Jack to get his Jill. The exasperating part of the book is, that the plot has so narrowly missed being a good one. The language is worthy of the story, and introduces some novelties in the way of adjectives; but we confess to an old-fashioned content with tried friends, and fail to see how "plaintful" is an improvement on plaintive. Also, to talk of the "wearisome" eyes of horses and dogs, when describing the sufferings of these faithful animals in hot weather, hardly seems to give the author's meaning very clearly.

Of *A Woman with a Secret* one great thing to be said is that it is eminently readable; it is certainly American, in so far that some of it is certainly not English life, but it is in many ways refreshingly unlike what one usually expects of an American novel pure and simple. There is a story, and an interesting one too, and the characters are alive, even when they get into positions of more or less apparent unreality. Of the two heroes—for such we conclude Paul Gower and Edward Montaigne to be—all that one can say is that the charming heroine ought to have been divisible; for as they are both good fellows, it is sad that one of them must be left out in the cold. Gilbert White may be a living portrait or a gross exaggeration; but he is lifelike, if only he would not always swear in "mellifluous Tuscan." Could he not, seeing he is an Englishman, indulge now and again, for variety's sake, in plain English? We are indebted to Mr. Cushing for a description of the typical Yankee face, which we are quite prepared to admit is, as he says, a type worth preserving. But is it not a shame to endow such an extremely mean scoundrel as Arthur Wilkinson, *alias* Harry Marsh, *alias* Ralph Fairfax, with this particular set of features? The womenkind of the book are delightful; for even the wicked little intriguer Mabel Strachan makes her charm fully apparent, and the reader feels a gentle touch of sympathy when retribution at last overtakes her. There must, however, be a divine simplicity about the American divorce laws if a woman can so easily procure a divorce as Sheba *alias* Gladys contrives to do; and American society must be very charitable if a girl in the position of Gladys Geden, rich and a beauty, a "woman to be desired" on all hands, could contrive to go about with such a secret and no one but her confidante apparently the wiser. The English Mrs. Grundy would get wind of the whole affair in no time. By-the-by, one question, for information only. Do babies in America usually have "long brown ringlets" at the mature age of six months? Their cousins across the Atlantic are seldom so precocious.

Far as the "cry to Loch Awe" is the distance between Mr. Cushing's book and the next on our list by Mrs. or Miss Bristowe, an already experienced author, judging by her title-page. This contrast is shown at once by the very appearance of the books themselves; for, though the "woman with a secret" needs three volumes to portray her adventures, the single volume required by Miss Bristowe's heroine fully outweighs them. *Clarissa's Tangled Web* is a story of temptations and trouble, possessing a good deal of insight into character well worked out, but so wanting in an intangible something, that the book utterly

fails in obtaining the hold on its reader which its industrious production should deserve. It reminds one painfully of some of those long streets which contain endless rows of depressingly respectable homes of solvent gentility. They are doubtless well-built, comfortable residences enough, in which men and women have lived and died, and little children have laughed and romped, and yet—and yet one breathes freer when one gets clear of their silence and respectability, even though it involves the noise and bustle, not to say the dirt, of the large thoroughfares north and south of these depressingly respectable streets. And so it is with this novel. It is only in one volume, as we said before, and is well told, the shades of character being in several cases really cleverly shown, yet every one of its four hundred odd pages is a dead weight of closely-printed literature, and one feels a sympathetic shudder for poor Irene Laureston with her wild artist nature (or what the author intends for such) strayed in this abyss of respectable Philistinism. Pegasus in pound was nothing to it, for at least his prison was roofless, and had a free view of earth and sky. But Pegasus in this case settles into harness very comfortably with singularly little preliminary scuffle, and Miss Laureston becomes Mrs. John Laureston Rivers, passing her life in the fabrication of conscientious (the conscience particularly emphasized) "potboilers"; the Bohemianism of course inseparable from the artistic temperament being fully provided for by a house "chosen partly because it contained a room capable of being altered into a commodious studio, and also because of the quaint irregularity in its construction which pleased Irene, and to which her artistic instincts enabled her so to adjust the interior arrangements that, without unreasonable expenditure, an air of exceptional elegance was thrown over all its appointments." Miss Bristowe closes her story evidently satisfied that, beyond a trip to Italy, life has nothing more to offer the girl. Clarissa's entanglement is simply the artistic girl aforesaid, who is the child of an old lover of the elder woman's, and whom the latter adopts unknown to her husband. This he resents, not on account of the adoption—to do him justice he does not care a bit for that—but simply because through foolish shyness on his wife's part, and a good deal of inconsiderateness on his own, she has never told him of her intention.

Helen Bury is simply one prolonged invective against the blasphemous doctrines of the Church of Rome, and the, according to Miss Worboise, scarcely less idolatrous and soul-destroying ways of Puseyism, Tractarianism, and Ritualism. A religious novel is seldom entertaining reading except to the scoffer; but even to this questionable dignity *Helen Bury* does not attain. It is simply a tract writ large, and endowed with all the silliness and want of charity too common in such productions.

The last on the list is a number of the "Good Stories" published by Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. for school prizes and parish libraries. If the rest of the series are equal to this specimen, they should form a wholesome and useful addition to the list of books suitable for such a purpose.

ENGLISH SCHOOL BOOKS.*

MR. SWEET'S *Anglo-Saxon Reading Primers* are intended to supplement his *Anglo-Saxon Primer and Reader*. The first part contains a selection from the Homilies of Ælfric. They are reprinted from the Cambridge MS. printed by Thorpe, but with corrected accentuation. The second part consists of extracts from the Orosius of Alfred, taken from Mr. Sweet's edition in the Early English Text Society Series. The Latin original has been added, printed on alternate pages, so as to face the translation. In thus publishing these Early English texts at a low price and in a convenient form Mr. Sweet confers a real boon on the students of the language, and we hope he will fulfil his promise of continuing the series till he has issued all the important works of Old English literature. Each Primer has a glossary affixed, but as a knowledge of Mr. Sweet's Primer and Reader is taken for granted, words once explained in them are not repeated.

The two last volumes of the *Oriel Readers* are on the same lines as the earlier parts which we have already noticed. The extracts with which the pages are filled have been wisely chosen. They are amusing and attractive as well as instructive. Thus they are suited to the taste of young readers of the age usually found in the fourth and fifth standards, for which they have been compiled. The large print, good paper, and pretty pictures which illustrate the text make their pages emphatically easy reading.

Equally good in point of type, paper, and illustrations are the *New Readers* issued by Messrs. Longman; and the bright crimson

* *Anglo-Saxon Reading Primers*. Parts I. and II. Edited by Henry Sweet, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Oriel Readers. Standards IV. and V. London: Marcus Ward.

Longman's New Readers.

Blackwood's Standard Readers. Edited by Professor Meiklejohn.

History of Scotland. By Francis Watt, M.A. Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers.

Shakespeare's King Richard the Second. Edited by John W. Allen. London: Longmans & Co.

Matriculation Questions on the English Language. By F. W. Levander, F.R.A.S. London: Lewis.

A Practical Arithmetic. By G. A. Wentworth, A.M., and Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Middle-Class Education and the Endowed Schools Act. By J. B. Lee. London: Rivingtons.

and black cover, while equally attractive, is certainly better fitted to bear the tear and wear of school-room use than the pale sky-blue of the *Oriel Readers*. The subjects of the reading lessons are such as never fail to please young readers. They comprise a happy variety of tales, travels, and studies in natural history. Pieces of popular poetry suitable for learning by heart and recitation are judiciously mingled with the prose. All the difficult words are picked out of and subjoined to each extract, so as to save the teacher time and trouble in teaching spelling by dictation. And a lesson in grammar is added to that in orthography, thus doing away with the necessity of having separate text-books of grammar. The publishers draw attention to the fact that punctuation has been made a special feature in this series. Taken as a whole, we should say that the *Readers* are thoroughly well suited to be used as class-books by children who have already mastered the rudiments of reading and have only to acquire facility in the exercise of it.

Messrs. Blackwood have also issued a new series of *Standard Readers*, edited by Professor Meiklejohn. These also are prettily bound volumes of extracts in prose and verse, with spelling and dictation lessons appended, and enlivened with well-executed illustrations. On the whole, the pieces are very happily chosen, and well suited to please and improve the young reader's taste and style. When a new author is introduced, a few words of biography or criticism are prefixed to the extract from his works. Among these we cannot pass without protest the assertion that *John Inglesant* is the "most famous romance of the present age." We must also point out that in a book so well fitted for school-room use as *John Inglesant* many more suitable extracts might have been found than the one actually made—to wit, the scene with the apparition of Strafford. Ghost stories, unless some satisfactory explanation can be given of them, are certainly out of place in a school-book. And surely nothing can be more absurd than to put in a picture in which the most prominent object is a ghost which is supposed to be invisible to the eyes of all but the king. There is one other piece which we must also take exception to, and that is the passage of arms between Gilliatt and the devil-fish from Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*. In the original French this passage is noteworthy as showing the author's wonderful mastery over the resources of the French language, but done into English it is only remarkable for its improbability. Translations which, even the best of them, are apt to be stiff, stilted, and obscure in style, are quite out of place in a reading-book, which should contain only models of the purest English.

The History of Scotland, by Mr. Watt, has been written to meet the "requirements of Standard IV. of the Scotch Code, both as a History and a Reading Book." Though professing to take in only the period from Robert Bruce to the Union of the Crowns, this period is introduced by a short sketch of the early history of Scotland beginning with the Roman invasion. We are pleased to note that the mythical history so dear to the national vanity is entirely ignored, and the unwelcome truths that the Scots came from Ireland, that the English kingdom of Northumbria extended to the Forth, and that the King of Scots held the Lothians and Strathclyde as fiefs from the king of the Southern kingdom, are boldly stated. But when we come to later times the national prejudices are more tenderly dealt with. Thus, the fact that the nation appealed to Edward to settle the disputed succession after the death of the Maid of Norway is slurred over. It is rather implied that Edward took upon himself to meddle in the matter, and "took advantage of the dispute about the Crown to assert his right as Overlord of Scotland." Further removed still from the true facts of the case is it to say that "the Scottish people soon compelled Balioi to refuse obedience," and thus provoked Edward to invade the country. For it was, as every one knows, the appeal of certain Scots against their own King that gave Edward a pretext for deposing him. Next to the claim of English supremacy, the character of Mary Stuart is the most difficult subject to touch upon without wounding the national susceptibility. Mr. Watt judiciously avoids expressing any decided opinion as to her guilt or innocence. As he brings his story to an end with the union of the Crowns, he is saved the necessity of discussing the delicate question of the behaviour of the Scots to Charles I. and the religious troubles under Charles II. Notes are added to each lesson explaining hard words or difficult expressions therein contained. Ambiguity is as usual the chief fault to be found with them. If, for instance, Candlemas Day calls for a note, though we should have thought this hardly necessary in Scotland, where every child knows it as the hiring term, why not give the exact date and the ecclesiastical designation, instead of vaguely describing it as a "religious festival in the beginning of February"? And, again, why define "Black Friars" as "religious persons of the Roman Catholic Church," and omit to mention that this was the popular nickname of the Dominicans?

Richard the Second is the last of Shakspeare's plays issued in Longman's Modern Series. It is edited on the same plan as others in the same series, with a full complement of introductions, notes, examination papers, and all the usual machinery of getting up the play as a piece of task-work. In the introduction are given extracts from Holinshed's "History," thus going back to the fountain-head of the events of the plot. This is a great improvement on the usual plan of prefixing a sort of paraphrase of the play in the words of the editor.

Questions on the English Language is a collection of questions set at the Matriculation Examinations of the University of London from 1858-1885. As there are nearly a thousand of

these questions, it may be fairly taken for granted that any candidate who had learnt the answers to them all might reckon himself tolerably sure of passing the most searching examination. A list of books to be consulted in answering the questions is also given. The book will be useful for self-instruction, especially to that ever-increasing class of readers who find it impossible to take in the meaning of any printed matter unless they are questioned upon it.

The *Practical Arithmetic* is an intelligently written text-book. It is not intended for mere beginners, the authors taking it for granted that pupils using their manual shall be at least twelve years old, and have thoroughly mastered the first principles of the science. Reversing the usual order of instruction, the authors introduce the pupil at once into decimal fractions, and make no mention of vulgar fractions till he reaches quite the middle of the book. The motto of the authors is "Decimal fractions as soon as possible, thoroughly mastered; common fractions postponed as long as possible." Many of the problems, they tell us, have been obtained from French, English, and German sources. They are certainly both original and uncommon, and are a pleasant relief from the conventional problems of most English text-books. As, however, dollars and cents take the place of pounds, shillings, and pence, and the metric system of measurement is preferred to the system in common use, we are afraid it will not be found of much practical use in this country, as familiarity with and quickness in calculating our own cumbrous coinage and heterogeneous tables of weights and measures is the great object to be aimed at. The diagram and accompanying table of comparison between the three rival thermometers, Fahrenheit, Réaumur, and Centigrade, is a very happy novelty, which we hope to see adopted in all forthcoming manuals of arithmetic.

In *Middle-Class Education* Mr. Lee discusses very fully the working of the Endowed Schools Act with regard to grammar schools. Being himself a headmaster, he speaks with the authority and confidence justified by close observation and experience. Whilst giving all credit to the reforms which have taken place in endowed schools since the passing of the Act, Mr. Lee protests against the impediments put in the way of the study of Greek, and shows how injurious this is to the interests of the boys these schools were instituted to assist. He sounds a note of warning against the dangerous tendency to lower the standard of teaching to that of primary schools, and shows the danger that threatens of diverting the benefits of these endowments from the children of the middle class, for whom they were originally intended. Zeal for the poor is too apt to keep this view of the subject out of sight. Mr. Lee's pamphlet is distinguished for the knowledge of the subjects which it shows, and the able way in which it is handled; and it ought to be read by all who take an interest in the education of our boys.

KILIMA-NJARO.*

THE name of the "monarch of African mountains" is by this time tolerably familiar. Its chief summit, Kibo, rises to an altitude of nearly 19,000 feet. It will be remembered that Mont Blanc is less than 16,000 feet high, and that therefore Kilimanjaro is considerably higher than any mountain in Europe, and at least a third higher than the highest peak of Atlas. Although the mass of Kilimanjaro rises rather abruptly from a level plain, it can hardly be called isolated; for an almost continuous chain of mountain ranges connects it with the highlands of Abyssinia on the north and those of Natal on the south. It has long been wished by scientific people that an attempt should be made to describe accurately the flora and fauna of its upper slopes. Apart from its gigantic elevation, it is nearly alone among the mountains of the old world as standing almost under the Equator. It was thought, of course, that the range of climates, from its foot to its snow-clad summit, would give rise to or explain many curious features in its natural history. In all cases, as Mr. Johnston observes, lofty ranges lying in little-known regions are interesting to the naturalist. Isolated mountains are often the refuge and last abiding-place of low types and peculiar forms, such as the goat-antelopes of North America and Europe and the Australian vegetation of Kiri Balou in Borneo. The discovery of edelweiss on Kilimanjaro would have gone to prove that during some long-past glacial epoch the Alps and Equatorial Africa had been connected. It was also possible that some human relic of a race elsewhere extinct might be found, whose speech or whose customs might raise new problems, or settle difficult questions in anthropology. The Royal Society and the British Association acted wisely in furnishing the funds for an expedition, and were more than fortunate in their selection of a leader. The two great faults of travellers are, first, that they cannot describe intelligibly, and secondly, that they cannot make drawings of what they see. This has been especially the case in Africa. The want of graphic power, whether with the pen or the pencil, or both, has been the most common drawback in books on explorations. Mr. Johnston is, before all things, an artist, but his artistic training, while it enables him to see and remember things others might miss, has not prevented him from learning to write in good, clear, straightforward English, with here and there, as in a picture of the highest art, a touch or a tint which approaches poetry. He has illustrated his book with more

* *The Kilimanjaro Expedition: a Record of Scientific Exploration in Eastern Equatorial Africa.* By H. H. Johnston. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

than eighty drawings, which have been extremely well reproduced in facsimile, and include not only landscapes and views of tropical vegetation, but "strange bright birds on their starry wings," leaping antelopes, and climbing monkeys; and, scarcely less wild, the warriors of Mandara, and the primitive blacksmiths of the Waçaga.

He set out from England in the beginning of March 1884, and reached Zanzibar, "a crescent of white buildings rising above an irregular line of black shipping and black mud," in April. There is a pleasant chapter on Sir John Kirk at home, with drawings of apartments in his house, the starting-point of so many expeditions. Thence after a short delay he went to Mombasa, a coast town, about 180 miles, as the crow flies, from the object of the Kilima-njaro expedition. It is exceedingly difficult from this point to choose what to notice, as every page contains some fact worth attention, and the appendices, which occupy nearly half the volume, are equally rich in the results of Mr. Johnston's researches. Of course, as in all books on African travel, a large space is taken up in detailing the difficulty of getting good porters, and the endless wranglings with the heads of tribes. All travellers suffer from these inconveniences, and no doubt laugh heartily afterwards at squabbles which cost much money and much valuable time. Mr. Johnston's relations with Mandara are often most amusing. He was a wily, one-eyed king, who steadily kept that single eye on his own advantage; and his freaks and obstinacy cost the author infinite vexation and useless labour. The account of Mr. Johnston's settlement at Kitimbiri, in Mandara's country, reads like a fairy tale. It was "on the brow of a fine hill, nearly 5,000 feet above the sea," but not much higher than the surrounding country. On each side was a ravine, with flowing water, which by the making of a tiny canal was brought to the door. From a level broad plateau the hill sloped on three sides to the valley below. A large spreading tree gave shelter from the sun and the wind; and the view was superb. On the north rose the snowy peaks of Kibó and Kimawenzi, the two summits of Kilima-njaro. Southward and eastward were the blue hills of Ugwen. To the west the great fertile plains of vivid green or red freshly turned-up soil, with here a banana plantation and there a forest-crowned hill, the whole fading into a pale violet colour, with columns of blue smoke from the mounds of burning leaves and weeds which the natives use as manure. The view was ever varying, for sometimes the partial mists made the settlement look as if it was an island floating in the air, at others the light was so intense that every stone could be distinguished in the valley below. Mr. Johnston set to at once to build himself a rain-tight habitation. It consisted of one large room 26 feet by 18, and two small ones 9 feet square. The large room was divided into three compartments, bed, sitting, and store rooms. It took three months to build, and a few days after the last touches had been put Mr. Johnston had to pack up and continue his journey, leaving his peas and beans, carrots and cucumbers, to be eaten by those for whom they were not sown, but retaining pleasant recollections of the days he had spent "in planting, building, scheming, sketching landscapes, skinning birds, and drying wild flowers."

The anthropological part of the book is very interesting. Mr. Johnston gives a very full account of the Masai nation, who occupy a large part of the district round Kilima-njaro. They are negroes, semi-nomadic, warlike as young men, agricultural when married and settled down, which is rarely before the age of twenty-five. At seventeen they join the warriors, and live on a diet of blood, raw beefsteaks, and milk. Morality, in the European sense of the word, does not exist for either sex until marriage, nor have the Masai any ideas about actions being right or wrong. For the good of the community certain crimes, such as secret murder, are forbidden, but not because they are thought to be wicked, only inexpedient. The author describes the men as having the sort of physical perfection of a prize-fighter; the faces somewhat Mongoloid, but with a finer nose; the hair woolly, but longer and more abundant than with the common negro; the forearm long, thin, and straight; the feet high in the instep, but with the smaller toes so long as to give them a square, awkward appearance. The clothing of the Masai except in warfare is more picturesque than abundant, consisting of a pair of sandals and a belt. But in going to war they have breastplates made of feathers, a cape of monkey-skin, and a headdress that would make the ugliest face picturesque, and would be invaluable for a fancy ball.

The Masai are a pastoral as well as a warlike race. They rarely attempt to kill the zebras, giraffes, buffaloes, or antelopes, of which there are herds in abundance, nor will they keep fowls or pigs. Their domestic animals are limited to humped-back cows, small goats, donkeys of the wild Ethiopian breed domesticated, and mongrel dogs about the size of large terriers of no particular breed or colour, which have the one great perfection that they never bark. Vultures, Marabou storks, and hyenas are protected for their use as scavengers, and accompany the warriors in their raids, being quite tame and fearless. The Masai chew tobacco and take snuff. Mead made from honey and water, and sour milk are their principal drinks, but they object to sell milk to a foreigner, and if the women are bribed by beads to part with some, he must not boil it, as they think that an insult to the cattle only to be wiped out with blood. Mr. Johnston thinks that if the cattle disease which has been so prevalent continues, and their love of trade increases, the Masai will settle down to cultivate the soil, and that we shall be able to open up and visit this rich and beautiful country.

The Masai are evidently a branch of the great Bantu nation which at some remote period overran Africa, and are now to be found in many places widely separated. The whole southern part of Africa, from the Equator to the Cape, except where they are displaced by the Hottentots and Bushmen, is inhabited by Bantu tribes. The Kafirs, the Zulus, the Bechuanas—all the nations which have given us so much trouble of late years—are of Bantu descent. Their original habitat seems to have been on the Nile and in the north-eastern part of the continent. The causes of their migration southward and westward—for they occur on the Congo and in Lower Guinea—are not yet ascertained; but the date at which it took place is not, historically speaking, very remote. In his chapter on the languages of the Kilima-njaro district Mr. Johnston treats his reader to a pretty little piece of inductive reasoning on the subject which can be only very briefly summarized here. He has found, wherever he met Bantus in Africa, that, however different in other respects was the spoken dialect, one word, "nguku," sometimes slightly varied, as in the Kafir "inkuku," always means a domestic fowl. As fowls were not known in Egypt till after the commencement of the Ptolemaic period, and as their figures never occur in hieroglyphics, Mr. Johnston is probably right in his conjecture that the migration of the Bantu tribes took place less than two thousand years ago. A long note on p. 484 disposes of any possibility that the domestic fowl can have come into Africa by way of Madagascar. The whole of this chapter on the Masai language is of the highest interest and value. Mr. Johnston states his views with simplicity and clearness, and few readers will find even the specimens of vocabularies and the grammatical sketch too tough to be enjoyed. The word Bantu is, he tells us, the plural of Mu-ntu, a man, a human being, and may be found, more or less modified, in all the dialects. It forms by far the most convenient and indeed comprehensive of all the names suggested by philologists for this family of language. It is ascribed by Mr. Johnston to Bleek, who proposed it as a fit designation for the South African prefix-governed tongues, and commends itself at once in opposition to Krapf's suggested Orphno—Cushitic or Nilotic. Bleek thought he had found in the Kafir speech the oldest form; but, says Mr. Johnston, this has now been proved to be very far removed from the position of "the Sanscrit of the Bantu." The student of Egyptology may find in Mr. Johnston's notes on this subject food for reflection, especially when the difficulties presented by the earliest Egyptian inscriptions come to be considered. Much of what in ordinary manuals is called "ancient Egyptian" is really the later development of the language under Semitic influence, and there are words and phrases in the older writings which were evidently unreadable even to the learned Egyptian of the time of Joseph or Moses. But African philology advances every day; and Mr. Johnston has in his Kilima-njaro Expedition and its results shown how much a single traveller of education and intelligence may do to increase our knowledge and simplify its intricacies.

MEMORIALS OF ANGUS AND THE MEARNS.*

THE single quarto volume of the late Mr. Jervise, published in 1861, on the ancient towns, castles, and families of Angus and the Mearns, now known as the counties of Forfar and Kincardine, is a book that well deserves to be reproduced in the handsome form in which it now comes before us. Using the Itinerary of Edward I. in 1296, and the rolls of submissions made in 1291 and 1303, to define the limits of his work, the author gives an account of the various places the King visited, and of the descendants of the barons and others who acknowledged his supremacy. The volumes before us are said to be "re-written and corrected" by the Rev. James Gammack, the editor of *The Land of the Lindsays*, by the same industrious antiquary. Some points dealt with in *The Land of the Lindsays* have been treated more briefly than in the original edition; some additions have been made to the Appendix and some fresh facts have been inserted in the text. This new matter chiefly relates to the present condition of the district, and here, in spite of the editor's protest that he has kept clear of anything of the character of guide-book information, he appears to have fallen into the very snare he believes himself to have avoided. Much that he tells us, and often the form in which it is told, would be more in place in a County Directory or a Gazetteer than in a book of this character. No reader of Mr. Jervise's work is likely to be gratified by the information that the Infirmary and Lunatic Asylum of Montrose were "for some years wrought in combination," or to desire to know the cost of the present Asylum and the number of patients it can receive. As for the re-writing, page after page is virtually reprinted, with the exception of such alterations as "such is a brief account" for "such, briefly, is an account," which must surely have been made simply from a love of meddling with the text. We have not observed any corrections. Local antiquaries are not always historians, but still we were unprepared to find an editor who claims to have "re-written and corrected" his author's book copying the statement that Anne of Brittany was "the wife, first of Lewis XI. and then of Charles VIII. of France" (ii. 252). After this it scarcely seems worth noticing that A Becket, as the Archbishop is called here, was not slain at "the altar" of his cathedral. Mr. Gammack has taken too much

* *Memorials of Angus and the Mearns*. By the late Andrew Jervise, F.S.A. Scot. Re-written and corrected by Rev. James Gammack, M.A. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

upon himself. While we should not have objected to moderate excisions or additions, provided they were in each case clearly marked, and while he was at liberty to append any notes he thought good, we do most strongly object to the utterly needless tampering with the text of a deceased author of which he has been guilty. Still if, as we hold, he has added little to the value of the book for which he pretends to have done so much, he does not seem to have lessened it. The volumes are illustrated with several etchings of very unequal merit, though by the same artist. We miss the map, and still more the drawings of Brechin Cathedral and the Round Tower, given in the original edition, and would willingly have exchanged two or three of the etchings for them, as they are of real use to the reader.

The first volume, which is deeply concerned with the towns of the district, is full of interesting matter. Forfar, where, we are told, there was a castle in the days of Malcolm Canmore, became chiefly famous for its manufacture of *brogues*, or shoes made of horse-leather; and Drummond of Hawthornden, who was offended with the townsmen, reproached them with their trade in some lines that he sent to the provost and baillies, making the gibe more galling by contriving that his letter should appear as though it came from the Parliament, so that a special meeting of the burgh was held to read and deliberate on its contents. More nobly distinguished for their attachment to the Church and the King, the magistrates protested against the Covenant, and a Forfar provost and commissioner to Parliament, "that still to be renowned *sutor*," celebrated by Sir Henry Spottiswoode, almost alone opposed the sale of the King to the English rebels,

in pithie words tho' few,
I disagree as honest men should doo.

In 1654 the town was punished for its loyalty by Colonel Ockley, who pillaged it, broke open the charter-room, and destroyed the records. The hunting down of witches seems to have been a matter of great interest to the Forfarians during the latter half of the seventeenth century, for John Kinked, a "witch-pricker," received the freedom of the burgh in acknowledgment of his eminent services. Unlike Forfar, Montrose was on the side of the Covenanters, and in 1644 was the scene of a curious struggle for the possession of "two brass cartowis" (two small brass cannon) which were seized by the Royalists and were afterwards regained by stratagem. During the Reformation period the little town was of considerable importance, both because Bibles and other prohibited books were landed there from abroad, and on account of the influence exercised over it by its neighbour Erskine of Dun, who settled and maintained there the first public teacher of Greek in Scotland. At Glenbervie, the home of the father of Robert Burns, there stood at the time of King Edward's visit a castle which belonged to the house of Melville, and this fact introduces the fearful story (resembling that also told of Lord Soules) of the vengeance executed on one of that family by the barons of the county over which he was sheriff. In answer to the complaints made of his tyranny, James I. (of Scotland) is said to have hastily exclaimed, "Sorrow gin the Sheriff were sodden and supped in broot!" and this Melville's enemies forthwith carried out. An interesting description is given of the Round Tower at Brechin. At the beginning of the present century this tower, which has long been joined on to the Cathedral, was threatened with destruction; for an Edinburgh architect actually proposed to use it as a quarry in making the alterations that now disfigure the once stately church to which it is attached. The proposal came to naught, for Lord Panmure threatened that the first man who displaced a stone of the tower should be hanged from the top of it; he was a worthy peer. Besides a hospital, turned in 1636 into a grammar school, Brechin once had a "bede-house," and appears to have been a noted place for "privileged beggars," who used to march through the streets every Thursday, calling at the shops and houses of the richer inhabitants. In describing the old church of Dundee, divided at different times between five, four, and now three congregations, the author records some curious inscriptions that used to mark the seats of the various trading companies. Here probably, as at Forfar, the shoemakers were once the most powerful body in the burgh, for some of the pews which bore the words "Here sitis ye Cordnars" were occupied by the magistracy. The Fleshers pointed out the benefits they conferred on mankind by the apt quotation, "Man shall not live by Bread alone," which was answered by the Bakers' inscription, "Bread is the Staff of Life." As the town was responsible for the maintenance of the fabric, the "box-master of the parochie kirk" was "maister of warkis" to the Corporation, and some valuable information is given about the wages and hours of labour fixed for the masons he employed. The history of the town, which is rapidly sketched here, is full of stirring incidents. Few of our readers will need to be reminded of the capture of the English ships in 1489, which is so delightfully told in *The Yellow Frigate*. The prominent part taken by the inhabitants in the religious movement of the next century was naturally followed by a vigorous support of the cause of the Covenant; the town upheld Montrose in 1639, and five years later successfully withstood him when he besieged it on the King's behalf. Several particulars are told us of the assault and sack by General Monck. Although no resistance was offered, "for the townsmen . . . wer most of them all drunken, lyke so many beasts," the plunder and slaughter were not stopped until the third day. In the course of a long-standing feud with the Constables, the magistrates dared to insult the famous Graham of Claverhouse,

who then held that office, and it is said that they reaped the reward of their folly in the destruction of the houses that surrounded the Town Hall.

Brief notices of the descendants of those who swore fealty to Edward I. are contained in the second volume, and, while these are scarcely so full of general interest as the earlier part of the work, they form an excellent chapter in Scottish family history. The longest, and consequently the most readable, of them is on the Maules of Panmure, who took their name from their home in the French Vexin, and acquired their Scottish lordships by marriage with the heiress of William de Valonis (de Valoines), a descendant of the founder of Binham Priory. The Maules were distinguished for their loyalty; the first Earl of Panmure, who had been a faithful servant to James I., followed the fortunes of King Charles until he was parted from him at Carisbrooke, and the important place the fourth earl held in the Jacobite party is illustrated by letters he received from the exiled King James II., from the Chevalier, and from Louis XIV. He was wounded at Sheriffmuir, and escaped to the Continent. On two occasions the Government offered to restore him his estates provided that he would take the oath of allegiance; but he refused to be false to his principles, and resided in France until his death, occupying himself in making a collection of documents relating to his family, which has been privately printed with the title of *Registrum de Panmure*. Among the other great houses of Forfarshire notices will be found of the Beatons, whose castle of Melgund, now the property of the Earl of Minto, still bears the initials of the famous Cardinal and of Marion Ogilvy, the mother of his children; of the ducal family of Graham, whose title, as Mr. Jervise points out, is derived from their estate of Ald Montrose, and not from the town of Montrose; of the Ogilvys, from whose ancient stock the Earl of Airlie is a direct descendant in the male line; of the Pollocks, whose ancestor was seneschal of Arbroath Abbey in 1299, and many more. In the account of the baronial houses of the Mearns is exhibited the connexion between the families of Allardice and Barclay, represented not many years ago by the noted pedestrian, "Captain Barclay," the claimant of the earldoms of Airth and Menteith. Much that is well worth reading is told both of the past history and present condition of the Abbey of Cupar and of the Priory of Restenneth, a dependency of Jedburgh, where a son of Robert the Bruce by his second queen was buried, a fact that, though little known, is proved by a quotation from a grant made by David II. The names of several clergy occur in the Ragman Rolls, and these introduce some notes on the parishes they held. Under the name of "Alisandre, persone del Eglise de Logy," for example, we are told how James Melville passed his youth in the house of William Gray, the minister of the parish, who, though he had, according to his pupil's Diary, "a verie guid and profitable form of resolving the authors," could not have been a first-rate teacher, for Melville goes on to say, "bot my judgment and understanding war as yit smored and dark, sa that the thing quihik I gat was mair be rat ryme nor knowlage." In some respects, however, Gray was much to be commended, for he taught his scholars "to handle the bow for archerie, the club for goff, the batons for fencing, also to rin, to loope, to swoom, to warsell" (ii. 231). It is impossible to do more than barely indicate the varied contents of these "Memorials"; on almost every subject we have mentioned there is much that is interesting which we have been forced to leave unnoticed. It is seldom that the history and antiquities of a large district have been more pleasantly or, considering the size of the work, more thoroughly dealt with than in Mr. Jervise's book; and the admirable style in which the publishers have turned out this new edition invests it with a special value.

RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.*

IT is creditable to the professors in the philosophical department of the Arts Faculty in the University of Glasgow that, notwithstanding the enormous classes under their charge, they do not confine themselves to the immediate work of oral teaching. They have, each in his own line, endeavoured with some success to add to the literature of their subjects. The latest proof of this is to be found in Professor Veitch's *Institutes of Logic*. Dr. Veitch is sufficiently well known from his excellent monograph on Sir William Hamilton and his studies on Descartes; but his latest work is more ambitious and no less deserving than these. The book is a composite one, being intended partly for those who are beginning the study of logic, and partly for those who have reached the higher questions of the science. With regard to the former part, it is sufficient to say that it goes over the whole ground carefully and more fully than does any text-book we know. The historical introduction is excellent, and the remainder, from the definition of logic to the last of the fallacies, keeps up to the same standard. It is, however, in the criticisms upon Ueberweg, Kant, and Hegel in the

* *Institutes of Logic*. By John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Knowledge and Reality. A Criticism of Mr. F. H. Bradley's "Principles of Logic." By Bernard Bosanquet, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Outlines of the History of Greek Philosophy. By Dr. Edward Zeller. Translated by Sarah Frances Alleyne and Evelyn Abbott. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

The Logic of Definition Explained and Applied. By William L. Davidson, M.A., Minister of Bourbie. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

more elaborate portion of the *Institutes* that most interest is likely to be taken. Several of the followers of the *a priori* school make a dead set against formal logic in any shape. It is urged that if formal logic be purely analytic, and without relation to objects, there must be some contradiction, since it is impossible to draw any very definite line between analytic and synthetic; in other words, since form and matter are actually inseparable, it is impossible to consider the former alone. To this Dr. Veitch's reply practically is, that in abstracting the one from the other, and considering it separately, logic is only doing what all science does and must do. A point of some importance arises here. Formal logicians, to take Hamilton as an example, analyse all down to quantity, which category they retain. Yet it might not unfairly be argued that there is matter in that as well as form, and that the admission of the one category involves the admission of all the rest. Professor Jevons in one of his logical works insists upon the admission of quality as well as quantity into the predicate. Thus, when we say "A is B," we say not only that A is so much of B, but also that A is a particular kind of B. This point Professor Veitch has not discussed; but we should imagine that his reply to it would be that it proceeds upon that misunderstanding or misuse of the Aristotelian categories which we subsequently find in Kant. Aristotle's categories simply represent the classes of things as existing; and as they can be considered abstractly without reference to any particular object, they are quite within the province of formal logic. Kant's categories, on the other hand, are constitutive. Only by coming under them can any object be made intelligible. We consider that Dr. Veitch is justified in saying that Kant "simply borrowed" and "misapplied" the categories of Aristotle. The so-called "deduction" is not a process at all. It is a name given to an act of appropriation and an arbitrary arrangement. Moreover it is open to an objection from another point of view than that of Dr. Veitch. The very word "deduction" suggests more than Kant allows. He takes the logician's categories, arranges them in a particular way, and says that from these all the others are derived. But might not they themselves have been deduced from each other, and them all from a higher principle? Something like this is hinted at in the *Institutes* (p. 55):—"They have no proper co-ordination or subordination; some are involved in others. Relation is in all of them." It is not difficult to understand that from the Glasgow Professor's standpoint Hegel is altogether wrong. It is in his criticisms upon the German philosopher that there appears a suggestion of acrimony which Dr. Veitch might well and easily have dispensed with. It is no reply to Hegel's denial of the law of non-contradiction to say that such denial "is subversive of all moral distinctions" (p. 122), or that the results would be of this kind or that. On the other hand, it is not only fair but important to urge that "Truth, as the unity of identity and difference, so far as simple contradiction is concerned, is an impossibility to thought." Hegel seems to confound contrary and contradictory opposition. To formal logic the terms in the latter case are mutually exclusive, else the name contradictory is misapplied. Thus the contradictory of Being is Not-Being, and these cannot by any jugglery be made identical. Nothing is only a contrary opposite, for the very reason that it is possible to say that pure qualityless being is identical with it. And even although this latter were admitted that would not justify the Hegelian notion of the universal passage of thought into its opposite. "The formula (Hegel's) is not applicable even in contrary opposition, where we deal with a plurality of opposites of the same class."

To Hegel's objection to the law of Excluded Middle that it does not distinguish between cases where the denial is *proper* and where it is *not proper*, Dr. Veitch's reply is that the law presupposes that the predicate denied is applicable to the subject. It might be urged further that there is no necessity for the introduction of a particular subject at all. The middle is excluded between "green" and "not green," and it goes without saying that the consideration of this is necessary only when "green" is applicable to the subject in hand. At a later stage in the *Institutes* we find Professor Veitch discussing Hegel's Theory of Judgment in a fair and full way. He objects to the theory that there is no meaning in a subject taken by itself. A subject contains certain attributes or marks, and so far it contains the possibility of several judgments; but only when I add the copula and attach some definite predicate do I form a judgment. It is this selection of a particular attribute, this making a definite statement, that constitutes a judgment. Until this is done the subject and the predicate are separate. The judgment is not merely the breaking up of a known whole (the subject); in that case, what would become of those instances—common enough in scientific investigation—where we add a new predicate to the subject? There are many other points in Professor Veitch's book to which reference might be made—notably Chapter XXXII. in its discussion of Reasoning in Comprehension, and its list of syllogistic forms. The author adds two to those generally recognized, and seems to us justified in the addition. Formal logic has rather lost the popular philosophical position in the estimation of scholars which it formerly held; and it may regain something from the work of its latest and by no means least able expositor.

It is a curious transition from the *Institutes* of Professor Veitch to the *Knowledge and Reality* of Mr. Bosanquet. In the one case we have a purely formal logic based upon Aristotle and a metaphysic founded mainly upon what is known as the "Scottish Philosophy." In the other we see the working of more modern tendencies, the outcome of two apparently diverse influences. Mr.

Bosanquet's work is an excellent example of what may be called the latest English school of thought. Without being eclectic, it seems to aim at, if it does not claim to achieve, the reconciliation of the *a priori* philosophy of Germany with the *a posteriori* scientific ideas which have taken such a firm hold upon English thinkers. This is not the place to enter upon a general discussion of the position, nor would Mr. Bosanquet's book afford any justification for doing so. Indeed, the great objection to *Knowledge and Reality* is not only that it cannot stand by itself, but also that it is entirely dependent upon one other work. To understand and appreciate the book before us the reader must be acquainted with Mr. F. H. Bradley's *Principles of Logic*, to the discussion of several points in which Mr. Bosanquet devotes himself. In passing, it may be as well to say that this method which he has adopted is likely to narrow the circle of his readers, and consequently to lessen the influence of an admirable work. The effect likely to be produced on the student of both books is that the points of difference on which the critic lays stress only serve to show his substantial agreement with the writer criticized. In the very first chapter we come upon one of the most important of these points. Mr. Bradley seems to our author to lay too much stress upon "present time *quod* present in the sensible series." Mr. Bosanquet points out that the affirmation of existence in the synthetic judgment of sense is as often as not that of past existence; and that though the existence of the past depends for us upon the present, yet the interpretation of the present depends upon the past. Another interesting criticism is that upon Mr. Bradley's "judgments based on supposal." Supposal, it is maintained, is rather psychological than logical, and supposition is always to a certain degree controlled by fact. Judgments of supposal in their extreme form and judgments of affirmation about the unanalysed present perception are the two points between which the greater part of our knowledge lies. Another interesting criticism is that upon the notion of simple enumeration as "counting" or the "mere summing up of particulars." We are inclined to think that Mr. Bosanquet makes too much of the supposed difference between Mr. Bradley and himself in this reference. We imagine that the former would be ready enough to concede what we find in pp. 77-87 of *Knowledge and Reality*, which may be summed up, "Number is rightly ascribed to things and units of all kinds; but, like the meaning of signs of relation, it is only intelligible when the component parts of the whole to which it belongs are definitely assigned," and "the selective perception of one connexion of attributes is of the essence of enumeration." That is to say, you have and can have no such thing as "mere" enumeration, "simple" counting at all. Such a position it is not likely that Mr. Bradley, at all events, would care to controvert. In his treatment of the question whether quantitative judgments begin in a qualitative form, Mr. Bosanquet is not quite so successful—at any rate in his illustrations:—"Compare a square and a narrow rectangle no longer than the side of the square. The one is massive, solid; the other slight, slender. If no one has asked us about the relative areas, we need not think of them at all." On the contrary, we do think of them, perhaps not exactly, but in such a way as to make a vague comparison of quantity. The very adjectives which are used in the above quotation, while mainly qualitative, have yet a kind of quantitative suggestion. And in the case of the illustration which follows we should be very much inclined to agree with what the author expects would be Mr. Bradley's reply. From what has already been written, it will easily be understood that a fair and full criticism of Mr. Bosanquet's work would entail the introduction of numerous and lengthy quotations both from the "Principles" of Mr. Bradley and *Knowledge and Reality* itself. The employment of comparing author and critic would be pleasant, but it is impossible within our limits. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Bosanquet has produced an admirable book, and that his criticisms are generally well founded and well expressed. Mr. Bradley is nothing if not forcible in his style. He might learn from his critic that vigour does not necessarily imply *brusquerie*, and that points can be driven home without the aid of a sledge-hammer.

The translation of Zeller's *Outlines of Greek Philosophy* will be welcomed by all students. It is the work of Miss Sarah Frances Alleyne and Dr. Evelyn Abbott. Owing to the unexpected death of his fellow-worker, the greater part of the translation was done by the latter; and, considering the difficulty of Zeller's style, it has been well done. The book is intended "primarily to provide students with a help for academical lectures which would facilitate preparation, and save the time wasted in writing down facts without interfering with the lecturer's work or imposing any fetters upon it." It is based principally upon the author's larger history, the translation of which is now familiar to English readers. There is a somewhat strange contrast between this volume and the scarcely forgotten "Lectures" of Professor Ferrier on the same subject. Ferrier wrote in a clear and easy, if occasionally florid style. He gave few, if any, references to the literature connected with the philosophers whose life and work he was discussing. Zeller, on the other hand, writes in that difficult and involved style which German philosophers have made their own; and he is careful to direct the student to the best sources of information on his subject. For the latter reason, if for no other, the "Outlines" will be highly prized. After a general introduction—of the kind common to Zeller and many post-Hegelians—we come to a concise and excellent historical introduction. In the latter he first of all disposes of the theory commonly held many years ago, and not wholly abandoned yet, that the philosophy of the Greeks was

in some way derived from and dependent on the East. He then proceeds to give an outline of what follows by criticizing in purely general fashion the relations between Greek philosophy, religion, cosmogony, and morality. In respect of its object—that was Nature; in respect of its process—that was a dogmatism; in respect of its aim—that was, on the whole, materialistic. But, as in later years, the Roman conquest was a main cause for the appearance of the Stoic and Epicurean schools, so in a former epoch the Persian invasion changed the whole conditions of Greek life; and, although the physical aspect of objects was by no means lost sight of, a new foundation for philosophy in general was laid by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The science of metaphysics was introduced to supplement that of physics. The science of ethics, the consideration of the relation of the lower to the higher parts of man's nature, arose from logic and physics; while logic itself became in the hands of Socrates the basis-science. All these points, only mentioned here, are worked out more fully in the later and more individually historical part of the book. As Zeller's larger work is now accessible to English readers, it is unnecessary to say more than that the student is fortunate in being able to procure a handbook based upon it from the pen of the author himself. "It is my opinion," he writes, "that every scientific exposition must set out with an accurately defined aim. It is highly objectionable that an author should constantly strive after other ends than that which is the main purpose of his book." He is faithful to his ideal throughout.

We have in *The Logic of Definition*, by the Rev. William L. Davidson, a painstaking and possibly a useful book. It is too much spun out, however, and too often commonplace—e.g. what is the use of saying with regard to the various kinds of "Incomplete Definition" that "they all obey one and the same rule—namely, to be used in so far as they elucidate; when they fail to elucidate they are worthless"? Here and there through Mr. Davidson's book we meet with acute remarks and sensible suggestions. Perhaps in that part which treats of the "Separation of Questions" he will be found at his best. At the same time we think there is a great deal of unnecessary matter in his book. It may be used in so far as it elucidates; when it fails to elucidate—but Mr. Davidson can finish the sentence for himself.

FOUR NOVELS.*

A DULLARD with just wit enough to understand from the report of others that deep wisdom may underlie the exquisite fooling of Swift and Cervantes, of Thackeray and Sterne, is very apt to think that the clever nonsense which delights the world is as easy to manufacture as a cat's-cradle. His enforced readers, the critics, shudder, however, when such a one preens his heavy wings for a goose-like flight into fancy-land; for they know that the result to them must be a wearisome hobble through much Boeotian sludge. The author of this leaden burlesque seems to think that it is not only funny, but also to edification to tell us that a New York citizen was cast away on a hitherto undiscovered island, whose inhabitants talked English of the author's own pattern, and professed a religion which is a vulgar and idiotic parody of Christianity. That there may be folks "so left to themselves" as to see wit and good taste in making these islanders call the Almighty "Mathematics" ("Mathematics is good—I will trust in Him"; "I will bow to the will of Mathematics"); the Saviour of the world "Numbers"; the Bible "Arithmetic"; and the Gospel "The Four Ground Rules," we are not in a position to disprove. But we are sure that sane and decent-minded folks will resent the indignity of being called upon to wade through three hundred and fifty closely printed pages of a book in which there is not a spice of humour or even of fun, not a touch of pathos, not a scintilla of wit, not a gleam of common sense.

The Coastguard's Secret is a ghost story. In the hands of a Hoffmann or a Hawthorne it might be made thrilling and ghastly enough. But the leading idea is worked up with such a plentiful lack of constructive and even imaginative power that the most impressive of readers will not feel his pulse beat any quicker than Sir Charles Coldstream's did when Lady Clutterbuck consented to marry him. Mary Blake, a village beauty, had two lovers, a fisherman and a preventive man. In a quarrel which occurred in her presence the coastguardsman unwittingly kills his rival. While they are engaged in burying the corpse they see a stranger who stares at Mary without speaking, and passes on his way. While all this is happening by land, a young Mr. Archdale who was in his yacht at sea falls into a trance and sees the ghastly burial-scene in the shrubbery and a beautiful girl watching beside the bruised corpse of a man. Given a man and a woman engaged in "secret black and midnight" work who see a mysterious stranger spying their action, and the same mysterious stranger, while several miles off at sea, seeing them equally distinctly, an excellent ghost story ought to be the result. But with all this good material to work upon, Mr. Hichens has marred a horn

instead of making a spoon. Jack Archdale's fate leads him to the village where Pensford had been killed, and of course he falls in love with Mary, though he believes her all the time to be a murderess, in spite of her solemn assertion to him that her old lover had never been killed at all, but had only "gone away." At last he finds the body buried in a shrubbery. Mary Blake comes upon him just as he had fainted away at the horror of his discovery. Mr. Archdale, by the way, never loses an eligible opportunity of fainting or swooning. "You murdered him," he says. Roland appears upon the scene, and tells the true story of Pensford's death. Archdale says, "Forgive me, darling," and then he falls back dead. Roland marries Mary Blake. She has many children, and is very happy. At least this is what the author tells us. That the shallow-hearted little flirt Mary Blake was quite as happy with her surviving lover as she would have been with either of her dead ones we can readily believe, but that the fierce jealous coastguardsman could bring himself to make her his wife after her goings on with the young squire seems to us so unlikely that we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hichens must have been misinformed. And we do not quite believe that Archdale died at all. He had nothing to die of or for.

Cradle and Spade is a tale of a Scottish gold mine. Elspeth Gun and her father, an old shepherd, accidentally discovered some glittering dust in the sand of a little burn on Cnoc Dhu. The news spread; adventurers of all sorts flocked to the diggings, and demoralized the once dull and decorous district with drunken bouts and card-playings, and tobacco-smoking in church. Joe Nixon, who had been a barrister until a browbeating old judge had driven him out of the profession, went off to the Highland Pactolus with the rest. He dug because he saw no other way of supporting himself; but, as he said to old Sheriff Durie, "search for bread can go hand in hand with this other search." This other search was for the lost half of a torn deed which promised to explain the mystery of the birth of a young girl whom the Sheriff had adopted and with whom Joe Nixon was in love. The general supposition was that Mina Durie was the daughter of a Sir Thomas Dunbeath, in which case we are gravely assured by the Sheriff, other learned lawyers, including her lover, and by the author himself, "she would fall heir to her father's title," and be Lady Dunbeath in her own right. While seeking out his sweetheart's pedigree Nixon made another girl his sweetheart, and, with charming frankness, he put to her this question, "Elspeth, can a man be in love with two girls at once?" He seemed to find it very possible. The piquancy of contrast, no doubt, gave a delightful zest to his double courtship. "Elspeth Gun could read and write; she knew about fifty words of a foreign tongue—Gaelic. She knew her Bible and her Bunyan and her Burns. Few other works had drifted in her direction." Mina Durie "could take Goethe and Théophile Gautier in her hand, and sit a full hour at a time with either of them without requiring a dictionary to assist her understanding. She could hold her own, too, in discussing their place in literature with acknowledged experts in such matters, and that without a preliminary reference to any handbook of criticism." The homely peasant-girl with her alliterative library and the Edinburgh young lady who could construe her Gautier so glibly and out-criticize the critics turn out to be quite different people from what they are supposed to be. Mina Durie is not a baronetess, or even a baronet's daughter, at all; and Oliver Gun is not Elspeth's father. Mr. Nixon is not Mr. Nixon. Nobody is the person he or she thinks he or she is, or whom other persons expect him or her to be; and the worst of it is that the reader cares not a jot who or what any of them is or what happens to the lot of them. The portrait of the old Lord of Session who, after eating up all the orange-peel on his own plate, proceeds to pilfer and devour the leavings of his neighbours at dessert, must, we suppose, be taken from the life. Who can say what may not happen in a country in which a baronet's title descends to his daughter? Ladies in such a Utopia may say to their morning visitors, "Will you be refreshed?"

The love passages between a Southerner who had fought under Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson and a Boston professional female orator, who "speechified as a bird sings," might have made an amusing magazine article. Three volumes of them would cloy the appetite of a Lydia Languish or the hungriest *helluo librorum* in a German University. Basil Ransom is the typical chivalrous gentleman of the South. Verena Tarrant thought him the very type of a reactionary. He thought Verena's views "a poor perversity." He considered the age we live in "talkative, querulous, hysterical, maudlin, full of false ideas, of unhealthy germs, of extravagant, dissipated habits, for which a great reckoning is in store." He hated what he called its "damnable feminization." He declared that "the whole generation is womanized, the masculine tone passing out of the world; it's a feminine, a nervous, chattering, canting age, an age of hollow phrases and false delicacies, and exaggerated solicitudes and coddled sensibilities." It was the irony of fate, as it is called, that this man, who hated platforms and female spouters, and who cared not for lectures either on the Philosophy of Crime or on the Philosophy of Vegetables (see Mrs. Jefferson Brick *passim*), should fall madly in love with a pretty poll-parrot of a girl whom Olive Chancellor thought a seer and a prophet, and whom her more worldly and clear-sighted sister pronounced "a vulgar idiot." The breath of Verena's nostrils was the indiscriminating applause of a mob of quasi-educated, self-styled advanced thinkers. What Coriolanus loathed she loved. "Last June," she said, after a successful campaign, "for a week we just

* *Inquiring Island*. By Theodor Gerrome. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Coastguard's Secret. By Robert S. Hichens. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Cradle and Spade. By William Sime, Author of "King Capital" &c. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The Bostonians. By Henry James. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

quivered." She was "a Corinne with a mission instead of a lyre." She had no ideas, only a musical voice, and a marvellous flow of well-sounding words. She was very underbred. She was, with all her professed lofty ideals, something of an Epicurean. Her ideal was a good dinner at Delmonico's, and to "roll about on the silken cushions" of a good carriage. That a woman should prefer "giving herself to a man than to a movement" is right and natural. We can quite understand that the whispered tenderness of a man like Basil might be sweeter in the ears even of a Verena Tarrant than the blatant applause of an amphitheatre full of fools. But that a high-bred, sensitive, rather supercilious, and intensely fastidious gentleman should fall a victim to a girl who dressed like a tight-rope dancer, talked like a Yankee Fanny Squeers, and "preferred free union to marriage," is one of those assertions at which Johnson (*apud* Ingoldsby) says, "Experience revolts, Credulity hesitates, and even Fancy stares." It is the more inconceivable if, as we believe, the high-souled and thoroughbred, if somewhat fantastic-minded, Olive Chancellor would have had him for the asking which never came. No person endowed with the smallest modicum of judgment can fail to acknowledge, and within due limits to admire cordially, Mr. James's talent. His power of analysis is very great; his anatomization of motive is as skilful as it is wearisome; his dissection of men and women is performed with an imposing and impassive neatness. But where are his sympathies? Has he any loves? or hatreds? or passions? or prejudices? Why, when we have come to the end of one of his stories do we instinctively make for our book-shelves, and fetch down a volume of Fielding or Thackeray or Dickens, or even of Bulwer Lytton or Harrison Ainsworth, if better is not to be had, with which to savour our palate, for, as the Man of Uz says, "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" In those old-world fictionists we shall not, it is true, read of a lady's "agreeable interior" when the author means her pleasant household arrangements. The personages of the story will have no "sedentary shoulders" or "bright grimness" or "soft corpulence." They will not look at their neighbours through the "persuasive windows of their spectacles," but they will be folks we can laugh or cry with. There are some of them it would be pleasant to kiss, and others whom we shall feel disposed to kick, for they will all have bodies as well as mental organisms. We can heartily like or dislike them; we can regard them as fellow-creatures, in whom we can take a real living, instead of a languid psychological interest.

IRISH HISTORY FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

EVERYTHING is the opportunity of the popularizer, and we are rather surprised that half a dozen cheap Histories of Ireland did not issue from the press between Christmas and Lady Day. We should not have lamented their appearance; for, unless written with shameless partiality, the history of Ireland is the very best argument against Home Rule. Mr. Gregg has coated his book parcel-green and parcel-orange, in sign, we suppose, of strict impartiality; and we imagine from our reading of him that he really tried to be strictly impartial. But we are not quite sure that even we ourselves could write a strictly impartial History of Ireland, and Mr. Gregg certainly has not done so. Indeed, he ends with a direct plea for "concession," moderately enough urged, but clearly out of place in a History.

It is scarcely to be expected that Mr. Gregg, with these opinions, should take a purely historical view of the matter. He indulges in some of the usual exaggerated language about the cruelty of the Elizabethan wars, though he must know that the fate of, for instance, the half-filibustering and half-rebel garrison of Smerwick would have been the same, or worse, in any country of Europe at the time. But, on the other hand, he is quite unable to stomach the theory of the extreme Irish party that the massacres of 1641 are a Protestant myth. As usual with Irish writers, he entirely forgets to mention that great part, if not the greatest part, of the garrison of Drogheda was English (which makes the matter worse for Cromwell, but better for England), and accuses Cromwell of "treachery," for which there is no ground. It should be noted that the account of the Cromwellian conquest is very meagre and bad. But the subsequent plantation has more space. It is a curious instance of Mr. Gregg's no doubt quite honest prejudice that, in the beginning of his chapter on the Restoration, he says that the Irish Romanists "hoped they would be restored to those lands that they had lost through devotion to his [the King's] cause." He might have remembered his own account of the confederates a few pages before. But when he comes to the Revolution he hits the mark better, especially in the phrase (perhaps half unconscious) "the old war of races had begun." The last word is a misprint, of course, and there are far too many such. What "Edward Churchill, Captain Marlborough" means we really cannot pretend to say, but it is not the only suggestion of, to say the least, singularly limited knowledge on Mr. Gregg's part.

We need not follow him further in detail, though his later chapters are evidently written with fuller knowledge than his earlier. The whole deserves much the same description—as the result of honest intentions, strong prejudice, imperfect knowledge, and decidedly scant literary skill. What is really to be regretted is

* *Irish History for English Readers.* By W. S. Gregg. London: Vizetelly.

that, while we can think of four or five cheap Histories of Ireland written on the wrong side, we cannot think of one, save the barest school abstracts, which is not so written. We have not the least desire that anybody should write a History of Ireland for popular reading from the English point of view even with as much bias as Mr. Gregg's. But it is really unfortunate that, at such a juncture, all the popular instruction should be allowed to be on one side. The truth simply is that historical histories of Ireland—full, medium, and abridged—have yet to be written; as any one may have seen from the account of the books on the subject recently published in the *Freeman's Journal*.

ANCIENT INDIA.*

IT is nearly one hundred years since the historian Robertson published his *Disquisition on the knowledge which the Ancients had of India*, followed by an account of the progress of our trade with that country since the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope. Since that date almost everything that can be done to identify places and to explain conflicting theories has been attempted by Lassen, Saint-Martin, Bishop Caldwell, the writer of an excellent article in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Geography*, understood to be the late Mr. W. H. Vaux, and by Mr. E. H. Bunbury and Colonel Yule. Mr. McCrindle, who has done good service in the Educational Department in India and has translated divers of the old accounts of Arrian, Megasthenes, and others, now comes forward to give us "a succinct account of Ptolemy's geographical system," to show us how the disguise of places named by that writer can be pierced, and to push etymological inquiry to somewhat dim and distant limits. Mr. McCrindle is entitled to credit for research, diligence, and knowledge of his subject; but we cannot say that he has made any very valuable contribution to the existing stock, or has been successful in placing many doubtful points beyond dispute. It is, in fact, a mistake to suppose that the adventures of the most daring pioneer and the researches of the most profound scholar can do much more to elicit the grain or two of truth which may be concealed in vague accounts communicated to Ptolemy by the merchants and ship captains of the second century of our era. Not one of them in all probability was as accurate in his notes as Nearchus, or saw with clearer vision than Megasthenes. And the progress of scientific research into ethnology, philology, and Indian archaeology will hardly do more than throw light on a few Sanskrit proper names which the transcribers twisted into their own incomparable language. Even the pure and elegant Persian was a barbarous tongue to a Greek. Mr. McCrindle, moreover, however painstaking, is not very happy in the treatment of his subject and the arrangement of his materials. He does not divide his book into proper chapters with suitable headings. It is sometimes difficult to say whether Ptolemy *par et simple* or Ptolemy analysed or the author himself is speaking. He occasionally begins a paragraph with a capital letter, and then again with a numeral, just as if he were writing a report on the progress of education at the Patna College for the Director of Public Instruction. And in the end he hardly gives us anything more precise and definite than what is to be found in the chapters devoted to Ptolemy by Mr. E. H. Bunbury in his excellent work, nor in style and treatment does he come anywhere near this standard authority.

It seems to be the general opinion of experts that intercourse with India in the times of the later Roman Republic and the Empire took place largely by sea. A little experience of the Red Sea would tend to dissipate fears regarding the perils of the unknown deep. The Mediterranean has always been the scene of sudden storms, fierce gales followed by treacherous calms, hidden shoals, dangerous capes, and shipwrecks. In the Red Sea there is no *dux turbidus* as in Hadria; the wind there blows steadily for about six months in one direction and six months in another. The well-known French astronomer, M. Janssen, has remarked that the Red Sea is never swept (*balayé*) by a hurricane or a typhoon. The only thing redoubtable about it is the heat, especially in July, August, and September. From the steady breezes of the Red Sea to the regular though stronger monsoons of the Indian Ocean is no very perilous transit. And when once the sailors of Tyre and the merchants of Egypt came to recognize the regularity with which winds blow in that ocean from north-east and from south-west, with beautiful weather between, there would to them be less risk between Aden, Muscat, and Karachi than in a journey outside the Pillars of Hercules and on the coast of Holland. But in laying stress on the sea as a line of intercourse we do not, of course, forget that military and diplomatic and some commercial expeditions by land may also have considerably added to the knowledge acquired by Roman emperors of Central Asia, and even of the Chinese Empire. Mr. Bunbury, in his chapter on the treatise of Marinus of Tyre, lays stress on two caravan routes which brought China into connexion with the civilized portions of

* *Ancient India as described by Ptolemy; being a Translation of the Chapters which describe India and Central and Eastern Asia in the Treatise on Geography written by Klaudios Ptolemaios, the celebrated Astronomer.* With Introduction, Commentary, Map of India according to Ptolemy, and a very copious Index. By J. W. McCrindle, M.A., M.R.A.S., formerly Principal of the Government College, Patna, and Fellow of the University of Calcutta, Member of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh. Reprinted from the "Indian Antiquary," 1884. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay: B. E. S. Press. London: Trübner & Co.

Europe. One led from China to the great range of the Pamir and the frontiers of Bactria, and the other through the Himalayan passes to cities on the Ganges and to the Indian seaports.

A glance at the map of the world according to Eratosthenes, who flourished more than two centuries before Strabo and nearly four centuries before Ptolemy, shows of course that the latter had made no inconsiderable progress in describing the habitable globe. According to Eratosthenes there was a communication between the Caspian Sea and a vague northern ocean. Ptolemy sets this to rights. He erred, as Mr. McCrindle points out at length, in his latitudes and longitudes, in his computation of distances, and in other essentials. But perhaps his greatest blunders are the delimitation of Southern India and the prolongation of Africa far to the east, so as to bring the "Æthiopians" in actual contact with the Chinese. To the *terra incognita* which in his eyes represented this latter extension we have nothing to say. But the explanation of his curtailment of the Indian peninsula to the south and his extravagant proportions of Taprobane or Ceylon is not easy. This island is made to extend far north and south—two degrees to the south of the Equator and to the twelfth degree of northern latitude. This would put the northern point of Ceylon somewhere about Mangalore on the Malabar coast, while it cuts off from India at least one-half of Mysore, and leaves no room for the southern districts of Madras, beginning with Coimbatore and South Arcot. No supposed extension of the land by accretion and silt of large rivers, such as is sometimes urged in order to prove that the Bay of Bengal once began at the foot of the Rajmahal Hills, will account for this discrepancy in two thousand years. We can only suggest that the geographer at his desk misread the rough notes or diary of some mariner who had coasted down Western India, from the Runn of Cutch to Cape Comorin, had then sailed rapidly across the Gulf of Manar to Galle or Colombo, had forgotten all about Ramisseram and the Pamban Pass if he had ever seen these places, and had finally exaggerated the dimensions of the island of cinnamon, elephants, and tigers; which latter animals are not found in it at all. On the other hand, it is something to be certain that Roman emperors and Roman senators and authors were aware of the existence of Ceylon, of the Golden Chersonese, and of the several mouths of the Ganges. Ptolemy's enumeration of places on the coast is obviously more trustworthy than his guesses at the direction of mountain ranges, the source of great rivers, towns in the interior, and his division of India as within and beyond the Ganges. Mr. McCrindle expends a good deal of time and ingenuity in conjectures about the names of the capes, bays, and seaports mentioned by Ptolemy. It may at once be conceded that Taprobane comes from Tamraparni, a river in the district of Tinnevely; that Modoura is the town of Madurs in Madras, which is only the Mathura or Muthra of Upper India; that Khaberos and the Kaveri river are one and the same; that Bariyagaza, which has been identified with Broach in the Bombay Presidency, is only Bhargava or Bargacha corrupted from Bhrigukshetra, the field of Bhrigu; that by the Daradrai may be meant the Dards of Kashmir; and that Indabara stands for the Hindu city of Indraprastha, not very far from the modern Delhi. The expression used by Ptolemy in connexion with the Indus and other rivers, ἡ πηγή τῆς ἐκπορεύσεως, seems to have perplexed Mr. McCrindle. Saint-Martin, as quoted in this work, explains it to mean the "streams or currents which descend from the lateral region, and which come to lose themselves in the branches of the river." It may readily be granted that this expression is both "ambiguous and improper." With some diffidence, but from some knowledge of Indian rivers and their astounding vagaries, we suggest that the geographer alludes to the branches which a large river in India throws out, especially when it nears the sea. The Ganges has a distressing tendency to do this on a large scale long before it gets to the coast, and Mr. W. W. Hunter, we have elsewhere observed, calls these branches "distributaries" to distinguish them from affluents. They are quite distinct from the mouths. That the Ganges is said by Ptolemy to have only five mouths, and that we have no mention of the Sunderbunds and its network of rivers, is not surprising. We only wonder that the typical expression "seven-mouthed" was not adapted from the more familiar Nile. Manada is easily explained by the Mahanadi or "great river" of Cuttack. It is hardly necessary to have recourse to the word *nanga* or naked, to explain the Nangalogai, one of the strange tribes mentioned. They are surely the Nagas of our eastern boundary in Bengal. By the Khatriaiol, a tribe inhabiting some part of the Punjab, are probably intended the Kshetriyas or military class, by no means confined to any one province. The Eranoboas river was by Pliny made distinct from the Sone. In fact, the Sone and the Hiranyabaha or Eranoboas are the same river and mean the same thing, though some explain the latter term as the "golden arm" (*bahu*) and others as the bearer (*baha*) of gold. For Selampoura Mr. McCrindle suggests that we should read Selempur, a place on the little Gandak. It seems to us more natural to explain this by *Sri-Ram-pur*, the worshipful city of Rama, best known to Englishmen as the Serampore of Missions, printing presses, and newspapers, just fourteen miles above Calcutta, but on the west bank of the Hooghly. But there are dozens of *Sri-Ram-purs* to be found in many district maps of the Bengal Presidency. Mr. McCrindle has hardly kept pace with the latest researches in Oriental languages when he takes it for granted that the Brahui language spoken near and beyond Khelat belongs to the Dekhani or Dravidian family. Some experts believe it to be

Seythian, and Dr. Caldwell and others appear to have come round to the opinion that Brahui springs from the same source as the Punjabi and the Sindi, but does contain certain Dravidian elements.

Several of Mr. McCrindle's pages are crammed with names of which the identification, if any three scholars could finally agree about it, would be of very little benefit to anybody. Virgil's well-known line quoted by the author about the Seres or Chinese carding off silk from the leaves of trees, and the groves of the Ethiopians whitened with soft wool, may have originated in some vague story which the poet had picked up about the Simul or cotton-tree of India. Out of red blossoms on a very big tree there fall pods of cotton at the commencement of the hot season, which strew the ground and are picked up to stuff pillows. Any general consensus of opinion on Ptolemy's second-hand information seems to us out of the question. Indeed, when Lassen differs from Colonel Yule, and both these authorities from somebody else, on whom can the general reader rely? Still, anything that keeps up a good connexion with our dependencies, whether it be a speech, a learned treatise, or an exhibition, is valuable at this time, and we have just remembered a passage from the Usher-poet whose memory Cowper loved, and who wrote as follows in a Cambridge prize poem 160 years ago. It may do good to some of us:—

nunc Anglica classis
Aurumque leves animas et flamina captans
Jura dat Oceano; litusque affectat Eoum
Indian in Europam portans; nunc labitur alveo
Insolito Ganges, Thamesique it turbidus auro.

SIGNS AND SEASONS.*

WE are far from wishing to hint a fault or hesitate dislike in speaking of Mr. Burroughs. He is the best literary naturalist now at work in America, and his successive volumes have been welcomed in these columns as such fresh and wholesome books deserve to be welcomed. But we are not sure that we think he is quite wise in publishing so frequently, and we are reminded of the young lady in Mrs. Opie's story who, being on a visit to a friend, and happening to commend the sprats at the breakfast-table, was regaled with sprats every single morning during the remainder of her stay. We are acquainted with six distinct volumes by Mr. Burroughs besides the one before us, and we are not at all sure that this number is exhaustive. His table, moreover, is always spread with the same sort of fare, and we do not think that the most careful student of his writings would be able, without referring, to decide whether a certain passage occurred in *Pepacton* or in *Wake Robin*, or whether it might not really be a page in *Winter Sunshine*. We commend to his attention the wise reticence of his great precursor, Gilbert White, who so prudently reserved his forces. If Mr. Burroughs allows himself to become as garrulous as Thoreau, or to exhaust the patience of his readers in the mode of more than one recent English naturalist, his influence over the world of readers will be at an end.

For the rest, we are not sure that *Signs and Seasons* is less interesting than its predecessors. It is a little less fresh, a little less spontaneous, and the innocent Emersonian affectation seems to gain ground. None the less, the book is full of desultory reading of a very charming kind. It presents the result of exact first-hand observation of nature, given in polished literary form, since Mr. Burroughs, for all his artless air, is a most careful and fastidious writer, an artist with the pen. So far as the present volume can be said to have any special characteristic distinguishing it from its companions, this may be found in the determination to dwell on the value and on the danger of signals accepted from tradition or personal observation as indicating the approach of certain phenomena. Mr. Burroughs, after laughing at the wonderful signs and portents to which the naturalists of antiquity pinned their faith—portents which find a more modern revival, as Mr. Burroughs may possibly not be aware, in the extremely amusing *Pseudodoxia* of Sir Thomas Browne—he goes on to point out that rustic experience, the wisdom of shrewd old farmers and gamekeepers, is not less often completely at fault. It is vain to look upon the Milky Way as a weathercock, and it is not infallibly true that, if autumn pork is excessively hard and solid, the ensuing winter will be very severe. He points out, and this is distinctly valuable, that, without something of a special training, the observation of the most wary of rustic watchers will remain useless, because hasty and incomplete. The author's own observation is extremely fine, and it seems to grow in nicety. We do not know that he has ever exceeded in delicacy some of the notes which adorn the present pages. Here is a sketch of a March day and night which is of the most brilliant exactitude:—

It was a typical March day, dry, hard, and windy. The river rumbled and crumpled, the sky intense, distant objects strangely near; a day full of strong light, unusual; an extraordinary lightness and clearness all around the horizon, as if there were a diurnal aurora streaming up and burning through the sunlight; smoke from the first spring fires rising up in various directions; a day that winnowed the air, and left no film in the sky. At night how the big March bellows did work! Venus was like a great lamp in the sky. The stars all seemed brighter than usual, as if the wind blew them up like flaring coals. Venus actually seemed to flare in the wind.

The chapters in this volume have little connexion with one an-

* *Signs and Seasons*. By John Burroughs. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1886.

other. On a summer morning, when the sky is lustrous and the sunlit air still fresh, the reader may be tempted to slip into the garden and read a chapter under the shadow of the plane-tree. He will find it complete in itself, and it will not delay him long enough to interfere with his morning's business. If he looks up to watch a brimstone-butterfly swooping about him, or to listen to the woodpecker drumming overhead, Mr. Burroughs is not one of those testy writers, indoors men, who think of resenting such an interruption. The section called "A Spray of Pine" is a collection of thoughts and fancies about that friendly tree, mingled with some wandering sort of literary criticism, as the result of which Mr. Burroughs decides that his own favourite master, Emerson, is the durable white pine against the rustling deciduous background of the New England poets. This may be so, but we confess to a belief that Dr. O. W. Holmes's cedar will have perfume and music in it when most of the balsam has evaporated out of the pine of Emerson.

The chapter called "Hard Fare" tells us what the wild creatures find to live upon through those terrible American winters, in which the temperature is often scarcely above zero for three months. The season of 1880-81 was famous in the annals of such winters. Even the foxes were driven to chew frozen apples, as dogs at the verge of starvation will eat corn and wolves clay, amusing the tortured stomach with what possesses no real nutriment for them. In "The Tragedies of the Nests," Mr. Burroughs gives us his experience with regard to the casualties which destroy the hopes of so many birds in April and May. One of the author's slighter sketches is "A Snowstorm." "A Taste of Maine Birch" is autobiographical and personal beyond the wont of Mr. Burroughs, and displays him as less of a solitary than we commonly conceive him. The guide who leads him through the labyrinth of the Maine woods, Uncle Nathan, is a delightful character. The old Indians have taught him their arts in his youth, and he has been a hunter and a trapper for more than forty years; yet, a gentle, dreaming creature, he has preserved an almost girlish shyness, a subdued mental colour that reminds the author of moss and lichen. Uncle Nathan, to a very confidential friend, has a capital ghost story to tell, and Mr. Burroughs reports it at first hand:—

In company with a neighbour Uncle Nathan was passing the night with an old recluse who lived somewhere in these woods. Their host was an Englishman, who had the reputation of having murdered his wife some years before in another part of the country, and, deserted by his grown-up children, was eking out his days in poverty among these solitudes. The three men were sleeping upon the floor, with Uncle Nathan next to a rude partition that divided the cabin into two rooms. At his head there was a door that opened into this other apartment. Late at night, Uncle Nathan said, he awoke and turned over, and his mind was occupied with various things, when he heard somebody behind the partition. He reached over and felt that both of his companions were in their places beside him, and he was somewhat surprised. The person, or whatever it was, in the other room moved about heavily, and pulled the table from its place beside the wall to the middle of the floor. "I was not dreaming," said Uncle Nathan, "I felt of my eyes twice to make sure, and they were wide open." Presently the door opened; he was sensible of the draught upon his head, and a woman's form stepped heavily past him; he felt the "swirl" of her skirts as she went by. Then there was a loud noise in the room, as if some one had fallen their whole length upon the floor. "It jarred the house," said he, "and woke everybody up. I asked old Mr. — if he heard that noise. 'Yes,' said he; 'it was thunder.' But it was not thunder, I know that; and then he added, 'I was no more afraid than I am this minute. I never was the least mite afraid in my life. And my eyes were wide open,' he repeated; 'I felt of them twice; but whether that was the spirit of that man's murdered wife or not I cannot tell. They say she was an uncommon heavy woman.'"

For our own part, however, we have enjoyed most in this volume of Mr. Burroughs's the chapter entitled "Winter Neighbours." In this he tells us of the partridges in his orchard and the pine grosbeaks in his maples; of the little grey rabbit that sits all day under his study-floor, and is off upon her larks at night; of the little red owl that lives in the heart of an old apple-tree just over his fence, and greets him at dusk with a low bell-like *curr*. He tells us how the nuthatches and woodpeckers actually make bold to tap at his door, in the hope that it is full of fat grubs, whereas, as he pleasantly says, there is not even a book-worm inside. He tells how the downy woodpecker and the slate-coloured snow-bird come and share a rich bone that he nails to a tree a few feet in front of his window-sill. The naturalist's loving watch of all these winter neighbours, and the impression he tacitly gives us of his quiet persistence in observing their ways, are wholly charming. In "A Salt Breeze" he tries, as we must confess, with far less success, to give us a new series of suggestions with regard to the sea. Here some of his phrases are decidedly forced, and his quotations from the poets of limited interest. His lines from Walt Whitman are somewhat hackneyed, though excellently to the purpose; those from several minor bards of America we might have spared. None are so picturesque as Cowley's line about the flying-fish, which

with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;

nor any to compare with numerous passages of Mr. Swinburne's for a sense of the tonic quality of the open sea. If Mr. Swinburne had not marred his work by mannerisms of language which already are old-fashioned, it would be more generally recognized that he of all recent English-writing poets has understood best the peculiar magnificence of the ocean:—

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,
Heard hardly through the windy night
Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,
Under wan skies and waste white light

With chafe and change of surges chiming,
The clashing channels rocked and rang
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
And all the choral water sang.

If Mr. Burroughs's patriotism can produce a better brace of stanzas than these, we promise to be the first to applaud them.

THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGNS.*

THERE are probably few things more annoying to the lover of books than to see what might have been a good book turned into a bad one. Mr. Royle's certainly might have been a good book as the chances of books go. Its author modestly disclaims any special qualification. But he adds that he has lived in Egypt for years, and knows almost all the principal actors in the events. That is generally (whether rightly or not we give no opinion) considered something of a special qualification. As a barrister Mr. Royle should have enjoyed at some time or other at least a rudimentary training in the estimation of evidence and the arrangement of facts. He is evidently a person who does not spare trouble. Yet these good gifts are nearly all thrown away. Even as a mere repertory of statistics and documents (of which latter, especially official despatches, it contains a great number) the usefulness of the work is greatly impaired, and for ordinary purposes of reference almost entirely destroyed, by the absence of an index. So that any one who wants to refer to it must go through what one of Her Majesty's judges disdainfully calls "attorney's clerk's work" before he is likely to find what he wants. As a history proper—that is to say, a book intended for continuous reading, and to give a complete and clear view of a given subject—it has other and grievous drawbacks. To begin with, Mr. Royle has been in far too great a hurry. The Egyptian matter was not nearly closed when he wrote his book, is not nearly closed now; and though no doubt all those who have ears to hear cannot fail to learn the lesson of what is likely to come from what has past, we are tempted without profanity to make a certain parallel with "if they hear not Moses and the prophets." No one who reads a newspaper with any tolerable regularity requires Mr. Royle's abominable and minute, if by no means extremely brilliant, treatment of the events from the revolt of the colonels to the close of the campaign of last year. Those who have not taken interest enough in the subject to read their newspapers regularly will hardly for some time to come care to plod through a work which deals with three years of intermittent campaign in a space and with an elaboration which might belit a historian of Wellington or Marlborough. Mr. Royle seems to have been bitten with the mischievous craze which makes so many modern historians, with Mr. Kinglake as the chief offender of all at their head, spin the events of an ordinary day into a chapter and of an extraordinary day into a volume. Lastly, his judgment, though on the whole a plain, good judgment enough, does not seem to be quite equal to his task. Surely a historian of any intelligence should see from the Admiralty telegram (which he himself gives) to Lord Alcester after the bombardment that Lord Alcester had been, if not specifically forbidden, certainly not specifically empowered to land troops? Surely, again, it must be charged as at least partially the fault of the home Government that a force consisting of ships so notoriously undermanned for landing purposes as modern ironclads was not strengthened beforehand in men? But there is no need to argue details with Mr. Royle. His book till a better appears will not be useless on the shelves, but it will, we think, seldom be used in any other fashion than that of reference for a document or a date.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE new work of "Gaston Maugras" (1) (who has apparently dropped her or his collaboration with "Lucien Perey") deals, like its predecessors, with a period of which the author has rather unusual knowledge; but, also like those predecessors, it is open to the obvious objection that it is in too great a degree a mere rehandling of well-known facts. It is true that here also Gaston Maugras utilizes unpublished information, or information published subsequently to the best known treatments of the subject. But the drawback is that those treatments are re-treated, and that, instead of giving whatever new lights are available in a compact form, the new and the old are blended and confused in a lengthy volume. We are afraid that we cannot say more of the present book than that it adds something to the already almost intolerable burden of the hapless person who advises himself to write about the *philosophes*.

The objection which we have made to the book just noticed turns into a eulogy of M. Laugel's (2) historical studies. They are, it is true, couched in the form of reviews of other books, of M. Forneron's *Philip II.*, of M. de la Ferrière's *Catherine de Médicis*, of Count Delaborde's *Coligny*, and so forth. But the essayist rarely writes without showing some independent and original knowledge of his subject, and the results of that knowledge

* *The Egyptian Campaigns, and the Events which led to them.* By Charles Royle. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

(1) *Querelles de philosophes—Voltaire et Rousseau.* Par Gaston Maugras. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Fragments d'histoire.* Par Auguste Laugel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

are put in a form much more convenient to consult than if M. Laugel had worked them in with other people's results in as many volumes as he has given essays. A preface telling the origin and circumstances of the papers, a good table of contents, and an index are all wanting. But these humble mechanical aids to comprehension have always been despised by Frenchmen of letters with a few honourable exceptions.

It is a fortunate thing when every new volume that a man publishes shows his fitness for his place more clearly. This is unluckily not the case with M. Deschanel, Professor of French Literature at the Collège de France. His title, *Le romantisme des classiques* (3), was at first a tolerable paradox which might have ushered in two or three brilliant essay-lectures, or even a whole course. Dragged out as he has dragged it, it becomes a silly *tic*, a tasteless *soie*, which for nineteen pages out of twenty has no reference whatever to the subject-matter. As for details, M. Deschanel gives the gossip and some of the criticism of his subject tolerably. But he opens his course at the chief literary centre of his country's studies with this ridiculous outburst:—"Voltaire, c'est Paris: Voltaire, c'est la France: Voltaire, c'est la libre pensée, la tolérance, l'adoucissement des mœurs et des lois: Voltaire, c'est la révolution, c'est à dire l'avènement de la justice après quinze siècles d'iniquité." Kind French critics have indeed said that M. Deschanel was appointed to his present post much less for his knowledge of French literature than for his Republican zeal. But he need not have taken so much trouble to justify them.

A very handsome and readable volume on earthquakes (4) is written by M. Boscovitz, and copiously illustrated by different artists. The illustrations are rather popular, but the letterpress is exact and abundantly diversified by instances.

Two books of two well-known and generally excellent series of voyages and travels lie before us. The first (5) is devoted to the Yellowstone region, and is very copiously illustrated, the letterpress being careful and apparently well-informed. M. de la Chaume (6), who seems to have been busied about the interminable question of the Newfoundland fisheries and the "French shore," gives some not uninteresting information concerning it, but is also occupied in showing how every *blanche mœurs* in Newfoundland fell (honourably) in love with him and in talking of the combined firm of "Piper, Heidsieck, & Co.," with other details.

It is impossible not to be glad that the publication of Quinet's *Lettres d'exil* (7) (the later of which do not answer to the title) is concluded. It is desirable, no doubt, to have all a great writer's work, but the cramping and stunting effect of exile for political causes was never better seen than in these letters, which are often mere Hugo-and-ditchwater.

M. Novicow's *Politique internationale* (8) is one of those interesting and rather pathetic books which testify to their author's entire good faith. The writer, a young Russian, has made the surprising discoveries that a nation is an organism, that all organisms must be subject to the laws of evolution, and that if you observe these simple truths you cannot go wrong.

It hardly needed M. Hayem's dedication to M. Barbey d'Aurevilly (9) to tell the instructed that his little treatise on "Don Juanism" was suggested by *Le Dandysme*. The subject is not an easy one, and the treatment is not always successful; but it is by no means without merit.

It does credit to Belgian study of science and literature that Mr. Lang's important article on mythology (10) in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should have already found a translator, M. Parmentier, at Liège, an editor, M. Michel, at Ghent. The book makes a handy and readable volume, and is well introduced by the editor.

M. Ducrocq (11), whose treatise on earthquakes we have noticed above, appears to have engaged himself seriously in the publication of popular scientific or educational treatises mixed with fiction on the model of our own once famous Joyce's Dialogues and other similar books. The two before us are very well printed, are copiously illustrated, and appear to be on the whole fairly suited for killing two birds with one stone as French reading-books for English children. The only drawbacks to this use are that they are rather cumbersome in size, and that the fiction is unnecessarily prominent.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Russian Storm-Cloud (Sonnenschein), if less thrilling than *Russia under the Tsars*, is not less profoundly interesting. In some important particulars, it completes the revelations and rein-

(3) *Le romantisme des classiques*. Cinquième série. *Le théâtre de Voltaire*. Par Emile Deschanel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Les tremblements de terre*. Par A. Boscovitz. Paris: Paul Ducrocq.

(5) *La terre des merveilles*. Par J. Leclercq. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Terre-neuve et les terre-neuviennes*. Par H. de la Chaume. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Lettres d'exil*. Par Edgar Quinet. Tome iv. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(8) *La politique internationale*. Par J. Novicow. Paris: Alcan.

(9) *Le Don-Juanisme*. Par A. Hayem. Paris: Lemerre.

(10) *La mythologie*. Par Andrew Lang. Traduit par L. Parmentier. Paris: Duprat.

(11) *La maison de Mlle. Nicolle*. Par E. Desbeaux. *Promenades botaniques*. Par E. Labesse et H. Pierret. Paris: Ducrocq.

forces the conclusions of that startling narrative. The curious and suggestive article on the Army and Commissariat of Russia reprinted from the *Times* needs no moral to point its significance. In such manifestations of impotence and decay, the author sees only an incurable evil. Reform of a system that gives rise to such public and unashamed demoralization is quite hopeless. The channels of redress are choked. Custom sanctifies the grossest abuses among bureaucrats, contractors, and placemen; all share in the public plunder. "Herein," says Stepniak, "lies the cause of the relative weakness of Russia. By raising an enormous loan, and so imperilling the nation's future and burdening beyond measure its resources, the financial difficulty may be temporarily surmounted. But against the gangrene which is gnawing away its heart the present régime is utterly impotent to contend." From this subject it is a natural transition to a more momentous question, which we give in Stepniak's words:—"Is the coming Russian revolution likely to be as dreadful as the horrors of the Russian régime induce us to expect?" This problem is discussed with equal sobriety and frankness. Stepniak's obvious self-restraint and moderation, combined with his avowal of revolutionary sympathies, greatly enhance the value of his political forecast. Despite the growth of agrarian crime, of which he gives some convincing evidence, and despite the sufferings of an over-taxed, half-starved peasantry, he does not anticipate a great, spontaneous rising among the masses. "The peasants' revolution—the sweeping, all-destructive, barbarous revolution—is in the background. The revolution of to-day is a town revolution, which is quickly approaching." This opinion is calculated to exercise the minds of outsiders not a little. In the first place, the peasantry of Russia is, according to Stepniak himself, the most powerful, the only class in the scientific acceptance of the word (p. 241). Officially it is represented as forming 82 per cent. of the population; Stepniak thinks the proportion really greater. Here, then, is the rude material, the possible motive force of revolution, inert and dormant. In the towns, however, Stepniak records a very rapid growth of industry and culture since 1861. It is, indeed, creditable to his impartial and philosophic spirit that he does not ignore "the wonderful progress of manufacturing industry"; yet it is to the towns we are to look for "the revolution of to-day." Acute, then, must be the disaffection that produces the spirit of revolt in these circumstances. If, however, as Stepniak says (p. 256), the real sources of the Russian internal struggle lie in European culture, in the humanitarian and democratic sentiments that draw the upper classes towards the masses, it will be long—on his own showing—before a great cataclysmic revolution rends European Russia.

One of the most natural forms of enthusiasm is that which delights to trace the associations that link famous men and places. Mr. Wright's pleasant *mélange* of antiquities and history, *The Town of Cowper* (Sampson Low & Co.), ministers not unsuccessfully to this passion. The devout pilgrim to Olney, whether he be the "spring-heeled American" of our author, or one of more sober pace, will find in these annals of the neighbourhood a really valuable guide. Mr. Wright has little that is new to say of the poet, though from an old inhabitant he learned that Cowper spent several days in his summer-house perfecting the ballad of "John Gilpin." The topography of the district is vividly presented in the series of descriptive sketches that deal mainly with Cowper's life, and the illustrations are full of interest. Nor does Mr. Wright omit to discuss the lives of lesser luminaries, such as Newton, Thomas Scott, Carey the missionary, Sutcliffe, and other worthies. The account of Gotehurst, or Gayhurst, and the chapter on Kilwick Wood, are good examples of the descriptive style that is searching without tediousness.

Mr. G. Washington Moon returns to his onslaught on the Revisers' English in a second volume of criticism, entitled *Ecclesiastical English* (Hatchards). A large proportion of errors here indicated consist of palpable inconsistencies in the Old Testament revision. Deducting these, however, there remain enough to merit Mr. Moon's severity. Occasionally, it must be admitted, Mr. Moon is hypercritical, as when he argues against the perspicuity of 1 Kings iii. 16 and 2 Chron. xxviii. 6 (p. 52)—two passages that can only be misread by ingenious perversity. Again, his strictures of the superlatives "For he was wiser than all men," "the King loved Esther above all the women," and the like (pp. 126-129), are worse than hypercritical. The first expression may be justified on three different grounds, though Mr. Moon finds it "grotesquely absurd" and involving the statement that Solomon was wiser than himself. It is an emphatic hyperbole, and would be ruined by the interpolation "(other) men" which Mr. Moon suggests. In the second place, the word "other" may be reasonably understood. In the third place, the wisdom of Solomon was God-given, and therefore may be said to be superior to the wisdom of the natural man.

Thoughts on Life from Modern Writers (Sonnenschein) is a volume of elegant extracts in prose and verse, rather less satisfactory than most of its kind. Pearls there are in the vast mass of pretentious verbiage, though the search involves considerable toil and exasperation.

The Baths, Bathing, and Attractions of Aix-les-Bains (Sampson Low) is a guide of practical value, equally useful to tourist and invalid, no subject of interest being omitted by Dr. Wakefield—medical advice, counter-indications, diet, recreation, the countless attractions of a beautiful country, all find a place in this inclusive little book. The "Alpine Climate Series" of handbooks is augmented by Dr. Tucker Wise's *Contra-indications for Visiting the*

High Altitudes (J. & A. Churchill). This useful pamphlet includes a description of the Maloja plateau and its neighbourhood, which all visitors to the Upper Engadine would do well to consult. That useful directory of places of worship, *The Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook* (Elliot Stock), has reached a third edition. From Messrs. Trübner we receive a *Guide to Carlsbad* that gives concise and tabulated information in the smallest bulk compatible with utility.

We have received a translation by Mr. F. P. Clark of Eugène Scribe's *Fleurette* (J. & R. Maxwell); the second edition of *Medical Women*, by Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake (Edinburgh: Oliphant); the *Public Accounts of Canada*, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885 (Ottawa: Maclean); and *The Advertiser's Guardian* for 1886 (Louis Collins).

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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